

# ARTHUR'S

## Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1866.

### RACHEL SAXTON.

A glaring August afternoon. One of those days in which all nature seems struggling for breath. Everything parched and withered by the fierce heat. The grasshoppers keeping up their incessant sawing whirr, seemed the only portion of animated creation that really enjoyed living. Up here in Kenderton, you felt the day intolerable. Every house, built as if the lot were too small for it, with the long row of plaster fronts close upon the street, without a patch of green before the door, made the eyes ache with the glistening brightness.

One little yellow cottage off the main road looked inviting. Nestled down behind a tangled mass of starry clematis, it peeped out with a sort of home invitation to make use of its comfort. But inside to-day, things did not wear their usual pleasant aspect. A middle-aged woman, short, fat, rather jolly-looking, busying herself in an impatient sort of way "setting things to rights," she had first to put wrong (for the place was order itself), and her daughter Rachel Saxton, were the occupants of the sitting-room. Finally the vexation broke out.

"You and Wade Upshur have had another quarrel, I suppose. Ever since you came from school not a word out of your mouth. Maybe you think it's pleasant to sit here all day waiting for somebody to come that you can't pry a word out of afterwards, and looking like the chickens had eat all your crumbs."

"Indeed, mother, I did not mean to vex you. I was busy thinking, and forgot how the time went. I can't afford to have you scold me," as she put her arms coaxingly round her neck.

"Taint that so much, but the thought that you and Wade do not agree better. I don't know how in the world you'll spend a lifetime together when you can't get along now."

For answer, now came such a passion of tears that, bewildered by the storm she had evoked, she could do little else than stroke her hair fondly with a deprecating, "Don't cry, my child, I didn't mean to hurt you. My way, you know, to be making mountains out of mole-hills."

For a long while Rachel sat there, her head buried in her mother's lap, fighting the fierce struggle with her own inclination and the right as God had shown her. She was not self-reliant, and that lesson takes a deal of hard fighting for such a woman to learn. Everybody treated her as a child; not because she gave an impression of weakness, but

The spring-time of her childish years  
Had never lost their sweet perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

Nature had given her a frame slight and delicate, graceful in its outline, but suggesting more of spirituality than organic life. Hands small and pretty despite their thinness, and that gave a nervous sort of pleasure in touching them. In her eyes, though, lay all the attraction of her face. Large, deep brown eyes that told every emotion, and in sorrow gave even to a stranger a haunting recollection of suffering. As she raised them now for the first time to her mother's face, the soothing magnetism of touch had brought back much of her wonted self, though the sorrowing light, deeper amid unshed tears, told of a strength

of will to conquer herself, cost what it might.

Rachel Saxton had found out what it takes most women a good many years later, if ever, to discover—that life has a meaning and a work that takes all the energy the Great Giver has bestowed to fulfil. Not that she understood just what God meant for her to do, but in a dumb, blind sort of way she was groping after the inevitable truth, and trying hard to bring it tangibly into her every-day life. Not a foolish sentimentality this, learned from books, but the earnest, inner consciousness of God's own truth in an honest human heart. But the task before her was hard, and the way seemed weary enough as she looked forward into the life that to-day's bitter experience marked out as her future.

Just then the sharp click of the gate caught the mother's ear, and she saw Wade Upshur coming up the narrow walk. Leaving the lovers to settle their difficulty, she went into another part of the house.

The comer, tall, loose-jointed, go-easy sort of make, fair-haired, and with loose, facile curves around the mouth, giving it an innocent, childish expression but little in accordance with the large frame. He advanced confidently at first, as though certain to overcome her calmness. But something in the eyes dispelled the bravado, and he waited with an appealing sort of look till she broke the silence.

"Why do you come, Wade, to give me the pain of saying what you know already? You have chosen and will not complain, surely, if I hold to the decision."

"Listen to me," he said, *sternly*; "I know you better than to expect you will unsay those words. Your love, strong as you thought it, succumbs to your pride, and you put me away from your heart, and conclude to be a martyr for what you flatter yourself is principle; but mark me, if you investigate, will find to be pride alone, dread of the gossips being able to pity you for a misalliance. I know how you reason yourself into this feeling of duty, but I know, too, that the consciousness some day of having aided one human soul to his destruction will not make your martyrdom as much of a glorification as you suppose now."

"You do not justify yourself in your own eyes by any such subterfuge, Wade. I thought you strong—I find you weak; and because of it we must part. If my love could do what you claim for it, you would not have fallen."

"Is that one sin, then, so great," he said,

"that you must needs stand off on your pedestal of goodness and say, I am holier? Oh, Rachel, I beg you by the memory of happy days, by all you hold sacred in the memory of our love, do not let me leave you so. Think of the better life your help and yours alone can show me the way to. Think of your own bare existence without this sunlight, and take me back to your heart."

Slowly, and with violent effort, came the answer. "I love you to-day deeply and truly, but my husband I must both love and honor. The sense of degradation I felt last night when you needed all my strength to keep your steps steady can never co-exist with my idea of marriage. If the sacrifice of my whole life could make you strong, I should count it nothing. But it may not be. We are destined to go our ways alone, 'thinking our own thoughts, praying our own prayers.' Some day when you know yourself better you will do me justice for honesty of purpose at least."

As her emotion increased, the voice grew colder and harder, and as he looked into the unrelenting eyes, the agony of parting goaded him almost to madness. Starting forward, he seized the passive hands in both his, and pressing hot, passionate kisses on lips, brow and cheek, left the room without a word.

Away, he knew or cared not whither. Life aimless, purposeless. The sun, sinking behind the long line of Wissahickon Hills, seemed struggling to keep up the malignant heat of his rays to the last moment of stay. Brain and heart were parched with its fury. He stared vacantly into each lingering stream of light until his blinded eyes refused their office, and he staggered groping to a clump of trees, where he threw himself upon the earth. Morning found him still there, for the blow had fallen heavily. After the first tumult of regret gave him time for self-examination, the justice of Rachel's decision forced itself into his unwilling mind; coupled with this the half-awakened expectation to do and be something worthy of her yet was the burden of a hundred plans, of which none took shape except to leave the place. Far enough away among the people whose energy was winning the country to civilization, he might yet earn some laurels in the great life strife. Rising up with hope for the strength in the new life before him, he left the place, and in a week started from New York for San Francisco.

Rachel Saxton went into her school-room trying to stifle the longing in her heart and believe she had acted for the best, though the

thought that, after all, she might have only helped him on to his destruction, did little to quell the tumult. By and by, as the days went on, and she came to look upon her lonely life as the settled fact of her existence, she tried to bring back some of the old interest in her work, and to reproach herself for the listless apathy that could not shake off the remembrance of the two joyous years when all tasks were made light by that loving presence. This for a time, and then came fits of passion, when she felt as though God had forgotten her loneliness, and had let her put all the light out of her life only to taunt her with its emptiness. Then she would work, crowding into the night hours with the feverish longing to exhaust the life that seemed so useless, so weary. But, amidst all these warped, morbid fancies, came healthful glimpses of the soul education it was working out for her, and she would grow strong again to work with the energy of love rather than despair. A year of this life had gone, and she comes into school this morning with something of the old buoyancy of manner. Every nook and corner of this place had incorporated itself into this or the other day's struggle, and the bare white walls always looked as if in mockery they thrust themselves forward as types of her life. But to-day the early morning air vivified everything, and the rapid walk she had just taken gave an exhilaration bodily and mental that her morbid life had not known for many months. Living so in herself, nursing her sick fancies and anon battling with them, as some sudden revelation of her true self startled her into a knowledge of the sin she was committing, she had forgotten her old love of Nature, and its vitality seemed to disappear with her own, and be as cheerless as late November. To-day the ringing notes of the birds, the fresh, joyous life of everything outside gave but one thought, and that was to thank God for life. Just to be—she drank it in with every breath, and the constantly recurring exclamation was—"Praise the Lord, O my soul!" Almost time to begin work, but she did not note it with the usual sense of hopelessness. Life had somehow acquired new value in the last few hours.

Just then, amid the noisy hum, before the order bell rang, the postmaster's little girl, who had been bashfully sidling up, and trying to attract her notice, interrupted the mood with—"Please, Miss Rachel, here's a letter what come for you in the mail this morning, and father said I might fetch it."

Something of an event in her life to get a letter, and she eyed it in curious wonderment for some minutes, before she remembered how easily her surmises could be set at rest.

An offer of a school in a Western town, with a salary more than double what she was now contriving to live upon, with the additional inducement of every-day association with beings of flesh and blood, she imagined, rather than the human fossils with whom her life had lately been passed. Of course she would go; but then, what of her mother? She was leaving her out of the reckoning entirely. Had she any right to ask her to change home, habits of life, everything that by every-day association had become part of her being, merely to gratify her? And the old morbid habit resumed its sway, and she began to question whether, after all, her life was not a failure. Was not the hidden spring of all, self? Wade was gone by her act; and for what? Might she not—nay, ought she not to have been strength for his weakness? Reversing the order of creation, was not exactly Rachel's idea of marriage, but in such a narrow, cramped life as hers, motives and actions will get blurred. Now, to gratify her own impatience for a different groove to run in—to get away from a disagreeable necessity, she was willing, anxious to risk her mother's unhappiness. Well, it should be given up—destroy the letter and keep her own counsel. She was always meant to be miserable in the world, and the sooner she gave up kicking against the pricks, the more likely to get through without wounds, maybe with a negative sort of happiness.

Poor Rachel! it was a pardonable fit of ill-humor, but it cost her hot tears of penitence, and it was with pretty keen self-examination for her motive, whether it really meant selfishness, that she wrote her refusal before she ventured to go home. Sure that her mother's watchful eye would detect the traces of tears, she dreaded the encounter, and delayed going home until at once a solution of the difficulty presented itself. It was half-holiday, and arbutus was just in season. Her message home that she meant to spend the afternoon in the woods searching for it, would excite no surprise, and she would be able in the meantime to regain her self-command. An afternoon in the woods, when the tiny blossoms, "wee darlings of the forest," are just putting forth their frail petals. You forget the winter just gone—so lately that some reluctant patches of snow still claim the

ground, and you wonder at your thought of a few days ago, that the spring would soon be here, when it seems to have been perennial. At first she walked along persistently miserable at her own defections, and touching up in morbid satisfaction each and all of the mental cares she knew herself possessed of. But the unusual relaxation of a holiday worked a physical and consequently mental remedy, so that she forgot to think, and entered into the enjoyment of the search with a fascination and a zest that would have surprised herself had she stopped to discuss it.

The walk was prolonged until the deepening shadows warned her that it was time to return. As she took the road back, she began to feel the fatigue of the afternoon pastime so great that to walk farther without some rest seemed impossible, and looking round for a convenient seat she spied a large stone beside the fence. Just what was wanted, but as she started forward to avail herself of it, the stick beside it became rather unpleasantly endowed with motion, and discovered itself to be a huge black-snake. Rachel had considerable physical courage; and over the first impulse to run, she determined to kill it. Every stone within reach was thrown in nervous energy, but often than not they went over her head, or else falling so wide of the mark had no other effect than to cause a protrusion of his forked tongue. Just then a fortunate idea seized her that a thick plank resting on the fence above its head would be precisely the thing to crush it with, if she only had sufficient strength to pull out the rails beneath and at the same time preserve a safe distance.

To work she went. Only two rails were there; one yielded, then the other; the log fell, but the snake, only partially maimed, darted down the side of the hill, and Rachel, now completely fascinated by her determination, ran two or three yards, mounted the fence, intending to intercept its retreat with a huge stone on the other side which she hoped to be able to roll after him. All this was in her mind, but as the top rail of the fence was gained a noise in the tree overhead made her look up, and to her horror the mate of the fugitive was just in the act of coiling round her neck. Down, away over the hills, without thought of weariness. Every twig thrusting itself up as her foot touched it made her bound faster, and when the road was reached again, disdaining the stile, she bounded over the wall, thereby coming in contact rather summarily, and much to her confusion, with

the person of a gentleman quietly walking towards Kenderton.

Her fright was apparent enough, and before she could recover wit enough to walk on, he raised his hat, and said—

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but can I be of any service? you seem to have some serious cause for alarm."

The absurdity of her leap, for a few minutes embarrassed her enough to make explanation rather awkward, but the remnant of fear soon overcame the confusion, and she detailed her adventure with an easy eloquence that would have been a source of profound astonishment to her had she known it. It was not until the home gate was in sight that she began to think of the oddity of her position, and her complete monopoly of the conversation. Not seeming to notice the confusion with which she pointed out her home, he very quietly remarked—

"I expect to make Kenderton my home for the summer, and shall hope by a formal introduction to your house to claim a renewal of this pleasant acquaintance. My name is Dr. Ralph," and with a grave bow he was gone on towards the main street while she stood leaning on the gate, looking curiously after him.

Something new under the sun for her. A man altogether different from any she had known. Kenderton people were all of the same mould. The old Dutch element—dull, plodding, prosaic. What their fathers were they are and will be to the end of all time. Among these you think all strangers form a contrast. But Dr. Ralph was not a man to pass unnoticed anywhere. Tall and muscular, with strong will and energy of purpose forcing your notice in every decided step. A gentleman, too, you saw instantly, but one that few people would care to make a friend of. Cold, hard and critical said the lines about the mouth—a scoffer at enthusiasm of any sort. Something of all this was in Rachel's mind as she still stood at the gate. Inside the house Mrs. Saxton was preparing the tea and thinking anxiously of Rachel's long stay. Those moody habits were her constant trial. Withal a bit of a gossip it was quite beyond her ken how any human being could have so little sympathy, (that's the way she put it) as not to care how the neighbors got along. She never took a bit more interest in the little scraps of news she saved for her ear than if she hadn't been born and raised there. For her part she didn't believe God put people into the world for them to see how independent they could be of others. To-day again gone off mooning.



Just as though there was no one left in the world but Wade Upshur. If she only had more spirit. Everybody pitying her bad looks and wondering why Wade left her, and she never willing to give even a hint of the true state of the case. Not but what she did let some folks know that her Rachel wasn't the girl that any man would be willing easily to give up, and that he'd 'a been mighty glad to stay if he could, but it never looked as if it was all true the way the girl seemed to take on about the thing; but here Rachel's entrance put a check upon her vexation, for she looked brighter than for many a day.

"Why, bless me, child, where have you stayed—I was getting right uneasy."

For the second time Rachel recounted her adventure, but that now was of secondary importance to the termination of her walk, and she described the stranger, *con amore*, with such evident zest that Mrs. Saxton's round eyes opened in wild astonishment at the sudden, healthful development of interest in something outside herself.

"I hope he'll make his word good and come to see us," as Rachel concluded. "It'll seem something like living again to have somebody coming to the house you think it worth while to talk to."

Rachel's blush of pain at the implied reproof gave Mrs. Saxton no desire to continue that strain of conversation, but the new topic of interest had broken down a barrier of reserve between the two, and they found to-night so much in common to talk of that the evening was the beginning of a new existence.

Dr. Ralph did make good his word, and before many weeks his visits were of daily occurrence; but he seemed to find much more interest in the mother than daughter. Not but what he seldom came when Rachel was not there, but his conversation rarely addressed to her seemed to take no note of her share in it, though when piqued by this indifference, into a resentful quiet, the keen gray eyes gave her an uncomfortable sensation that he read the whole reason, and laughed at her vexation for not having an opportunity to air some school-girl sentimentality she had an idea was spiritual development that placed her upon a higher plane than her surrounding fellow creatures. And so, forced into self-examination, one and another pet theory showed itself in its true guise, or exaggerated deformity, compelling her into its relinquishment. The truth is she had been striving in all this time to know herself (but thinking, with considerable self-

complacency, the object was attained), had in reality marked out a character for herself which she deemed consistent, and was doing her best to live up to it, but as this strong, healthful nature coming beside her own, showing by contrast her diseased condition, it was unconsciously bringing her into something of a normal state.

So the summer passed away for Rachel, bringing great transformation. Fits of fierce passion alternating with a restful quiet were gradually working out the old leaven. Stronger and better for the bitter experience of the old-time, (though it has left ineffaceable scars,) and with a clearer view of her own needs and aims; though whether it has sufficient hold yet upon her life to make any appreciable difference in action if another shock come, we shall see.

"Dr. Ralph is going from Kenderton—so he announced to-night. The stay is already much beyond his intention when the necessity for rest and relaxation first tempted to this Sleepy Hollow."

Rachel hears it all—her mother's wonderment, regret, and the doctor's answer, without a word of comment, oppressed with a vague sense of loss, a dumb, aching pain that she cannot yet call by any name, but will by and by clamor loudly enough to make itself understood. Again the watchful eyes study her face and make out a much clearer diagnosis of the case than she does.

But as the few remaining days slipped by, it taxed all her pride to cover up the strong tide of feeling and hide the secret which despite her unwillingness was forcing itself into recognition, but she set herself to the task with no thought but to keep back the pain till the need of restraint of his presence was over, beyond that she dared not think—the old, weary life again. To-night the task will be doubly hard, for Mrs. Saxton has been called to one of the neighboring houses for advice and assistance over a sick child, and if he makes the usual visit Rachel must entertain him alone. She braced herself up determinedly, and for the time felt nerve enough, but the accustomed tap and quickly followed step at the entrance made considerable havoc with the composure, and brought his sharp questioning look upon her face, though the words of greeting took no note of it. Rachel plunged nervously into conversation, jumping at this and the other thread of talk, fearful to trust a moment's silence—vexed too at the quiet composure of her companion, whom she felt must

know it all and despise her. The tension was getting rather too strong, and she started up under pretext of searching for a book she had been trying to discuss. As she passed the arm chair in which he was seated, he rose up and taking both her hands in his drew her to the old lounge.

"My poor, little, tired Rachel, you don't hide the secret well, I know you cannot do without me."

The hot blood mounted to face and throat, and she drew back in haughty self-possession.

"Rachel!" the word thrilled her heart with a deep, hidden meaning of tenderness that she would have said a moment before he was incapable of. "I want you for my wife; look at me that I may read the assurance in your eyes."

"No! not that! I cannot forget what you have said, speak to me of something else."

He eyed her coolly as a physician might a hypochondriacal patient, wondering what new phase of the disease he might now have to deal with, but not at all disconcerted at his own ability to cure.

She raised her eyes to his, but the hard, critical look gave her no encouragement to speak, and she stood with half averted face, waiting for him.

He drew her down to the seat, and began talking. "What new morbid whim are you trying now to fan into life. You love me, I know it; I love you. Just take that thought into your heart, and let it bring sunshine to your face. You are mine."

"It cannot be, I have no right to your love," but as she said it, every fibre of her nature gave back the lie, and her face drooped wearily into her hands.

He smiled quietly as he stroked the rich masses of hair, taking her hands from her face, and drawing her head upon his bosom. Once or twice she essayed to speak, to rise, but the sense of rest was so new, so welcome, after the weary struggle, that her whole being, overcome by the soft (languor that became doubly sweet as she felt she might not indulge it,) yielded itself to him, and she lay in his arms as a tired infant, trusting her life to his strength, and grasping at this sudden flash of sunshine, determined to keep it for her own. After all, why should she refuse it. The barrier was in her imagination only. She had made a mistake before,—accepted a love honest and loyal she was sure, but not answering her needs, and because of this, must she put away the love her heart, was famishing for? It was

an every-day occurrence—lovers quarrelled and parted and forgot each other in a new happiness, and the world looked on approvingly. But all this did not make it clear to her heart, as she thought of that last afternoon when she and Wade parted. How the yearning cry of her soul had been then that he might grow strong enough for her to lean upon, and how day by day she had cherished it, nursing up an ideal into which she had fashioned him, unconscious that her picture was of the man who now sat beside her. Parting, she had said, we must go our way alone, and to her it meant a vow to bear her share of the pain with no other love or sympathy than her mother could give, waiting till he should come again, showing the marks of his hard won victory. This was the one thought that had made the months gone by easier to endure. Parted, though the words intimated ultimately, yet her heart told her that to Wade too, it had meant only probation, and amid all the sorrow and loneliness, she had never come to look upon her life as other than his,—an all-enduring faith in his ability to conquer. But the glimpse into her true feeling, the doctor's few words had shown her, made rather a hard stumbling-block. It was easy to justify herself in the sight of others, she knew—even to this man beside her, it would be only foolish fanaticism, for which he had no sympathy, no excuse, but to herself it had but one name—broken faith—a hard, unflinching fact she dared not disregard, she could make no less. How she fought with it, trying for some way of evasion, something that would justify her to the God she was trying to serve. She wavered—but the Truth, as she had learned it in the old struggle—the Truth that made God a living helper to her, conquered, and she disengaged herself from his arms, able to bear even this for God and the right. Instead of waiting for the words he saw she meant to utter, he said, "I hear your mother's steps at the gate—I am going now little one—to-morrow we will walk yonder to the hills, and you shall say all that is making you miserable now, but for to-night I shall still call you mine."

"Why doctor, not going a' ready, it's only nine o'clock. I'm real sorry I had to be away, and you so soon going to leave."

He inwardly returned thanks for the providential interposition that had given him the coveted time for Rachel, but he returned a courteous answer of regrets, and with a pleasant good-night, left the cottage.

"Why, dear me, Rachel, what's the matter with you? You look sick enough to be in bed, and here you've been sitting up entertaining that man, when he might have had sense enough to see you weren't fit for it. Why didn't you tell me child, before I went out to-night. I noticed you seemed rather down, but I guessed it was only headache."

"That is all it is mother, and I suppose the best thing for it will be to get to bed as soon as possible." She wanted to get away to her own thoughts to gather strength to stifle down the restless, unsatisfied yearning, and face the blank reality of the step she was taking.

"Just you lie down there, while I make you some chamomile tea,"—it was Mrs. Saxton's unfailing remedy, and just now she had a bit of gossip to dispose of that required some little dexterity in getting about, and that would afford her the needful time.

"How far off about is San Francisco from here?"

Rachel looked up wearily, with an "I believe somewhere near 2,500 miles."

"It would make rather a long trip for folks just for pleasure, wouldn't it?"

Rachel gave a vacant assent, and relapsed into silence.

Another trial. "Mrs. Upshur was down at Scott's, too, to look after the baby. She was asking after you, and I told her you were better 'an I ever knew you, but you don't look now much as though I had hit the truth."

Still she failed to elicit more token of notice than the look of pain; when the name was mentioned, made her face a shade more wan and pale.

"Mrs. Upshur was telling me she just got a letter from Wade." No need for any more effort to gain her attention, not a word would be lost now. "He's making an amazin' sight of money out there, and writes word he's coming along this way pretty soon, to make a visit."

There was no answer to this, and occupied with their own thoughts, there was a long silence—Mrs. Saxton trying to make out the effect of what she had already said, and revolving how best she might finish what she dreaded as a heart-breaking blow, to the one she loved best in the world.

As for Rachel, her mind was such a chaos, that she knew not whether it was something to be hoped for or dreaded.

The chamomile tea was made, and bringing it to the lounge, Mrs. Saxton put her arm gently round her, and holding the cup for her

to drink, said tenderly, "I have not finished my news yet, child—shall I tell you the rest."

"Yes, mother," with a faint flush.

"Wade will not come alone, he brings a bride for his mother to welcome." She said it in an anxious, hesitating way, studying the face with loving intentness, as if to substitute her own love and tenderness for the pain that was coming. But the long sigh of relief, and, "I am so very glad," that the face, even better than the lips, told, startled her into new wonderment.

"Why now, really child, you don't mean it. I was most afraid to tell you, but you look as though it was really good news. Maybe"—she was going to commence investigation on another tack, but was self-denying enough to forbear, and concluding the sentence with an admonition to get a good sound sleep, and she would be all right in the morning, sent her to her room.

It was not hard to obey the injunction, for her hard, cruel fate seemed to have worked itself out, and the few brief minutes of joy to-night, could be hugged to her heart, gone over with all the wild thrill of happiness they had brought, her own without thought of wrong.

One look yet into the little cottage in the twilight of the next evening.

"And do you think, little one, you could have let me go?"

"I meant it at any cost. My heart was frozen, numb, with the loneliness—but to Wade I was tacitly bound until he had proved himself."

"I might almost laugh at the trouble you took to rouse such an uncanny spirit, were it not that I know what a conscientious little scrap of humanity you are, and that to you it was a real and tangible part of your religion. One thing I am sure of, that my poor little tired birdie has found rest at last; and together we will exorcise the evil shadows that have warped and blackened her days, and enjoy the new life that I shall make real for her. Do you trust me for it?" And as she laid her hand in his, he gathered her close, close in the strong, loving arms, and in that one kiss, quivering with all the latent life it stirred, they two became one.

# NEVER PUT OFF.

Whene'er a duty waits for thee,  
With sober judgment view it,  
And never idly wish it done;  
Begin at once and do it.

ground, and you wonder at your thought of a few days ago, that the spring would soon be here, when it seems to have been perennial. At first she walked along persistently miserable at her own defections, and touching up in morbid satisfaction each and all of the mental cares she knew herself possessed of. But the unusual relaxation of a holiday worked a physical and consequently mental remedy, so that she forgot to think, and entered into the enjoyment of the search with a fascination and a zest that would have surprised herself had she stopped to discuss it.

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the person of a gentleman quietly walking towards Kenderton.

Her fright was apparent enough, and before she could recover wit enough to walk on, he raised his hat, and said—

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but can I be of any service? you seem to have some serious cause for alarm."

The absurdity of her leap, for a few minutes embarrassed her enough to make explanation rather awkward, but the remnant of fear soon overcame the confusion, and she detailed her adventure with an easy eloquence that would have been a source of profound astonishment to her had she known it. It was not until the home gate was in sight that she began to think of the oddity of her position, and her complete monopoly of the conversation. Not seeming to notice the confusion with which she pointed out her home, he very quietly remarked—

"I expect to make Kenderton my home for the summer, and shall hope by a formal introduction to your house to claim a renewal of this pleasant acquaintance. My name is Dr. Ralph," and with a grave bow he was gone on towards the main street while she stood leaning on the gate, looking curiously after him.

Something new under the sun for her. A man altogether different from any she had known. Kenderton people were all of the same mould. The old Dutch element—dull, plodding, prosaic. What their fathers were they are and will be to the end of all time. Among these you think all strangers form a contrast. But Dr. Ralph was not a man to pass unnoticed anywhere. Tall and muscular, with strong will and energy of purpose forcing your notice in every decided step. A gentleman, too, you saw instantly, but one that few people would care to make a friend of. Cold, hard and critical said the lines about the mouth—a scoffer at enthusiasm of any sort. Something of all this was in Rachel's mind as she still stood at the gate. Inside the house Mrs. Saxton was preparing the tea and thinking anxiously of Rachel's long stay. Those moody habits were her constant trial. Withal a bit of a gossip it was quite beyond her ken how any human being could have so little sympathy, (that's the way she put it) as not to care how the neighbors got along. She never took a bit more interest in the little scraps of news she saved for her ear than if she hadn't been born and raised there. For her part she didn't believe God put people into the world for them to see how independent they could be of others. To-day again gone off mooning.



Just as though there was no one left in the world but Wade Upshur. If she only had more spirit. Everybody pitying her bad looks and wondering why Wade left her, and she never willing to give even a hint of the true state of the case. Not but what she did let some folks know that her Rachel wasn't the girl that any man would be willing easily to give up, and that he'd 'a been mighty glad to stay if he could, but it never looked as if it was all true the way the girl seemed to take on about the thing; but here Rachel's entrance put a check upon her vexation, for she looked brighter than for many a day.

"Why, bless me, child, where have you stayed—I was getting right uneasy."

For the second time Rachel recounted her adventure, but that now was of secondary importance to the termination of her walk, and she described the stranger, *con amore*, with such evident zest that Mrs. Saxton's round eyes opened in wild astonishment at the sudden, healthful development of interest in something outside herself.

"I hope he'll make his word good and come to see us," as Rachel concluded. "It'll seem something like living again to have somebody coming to the house you think it worth while to talk to."

Rachel's blush of pain at the implied reproach gave Mrs. Saxton no desire to continue that strain of conversation, but the new topic of interest had broken down a barrier of reserve between the two, and they found to-night so much in common to talk of that the evening was the beginning of a new existence.

Dr. Ralph did make good his word, and before many weeks his visits were of daily occurrence; but he seemed to find much more interest in the mother than daughter. Not but what he seldom came when Rachel was not there, but his conversation rarely addressed to her seemed to take no note of her share in it, though when piqued by this indifference, into a resentful quiet, the keen gray eyes gave her an uncomfortable sensation that he read the whole reason, and laughed at her vexation for not having an opportunity to air some school-girl sentimentality she had an idea was spiritual development that placed her upon a higher plane than her surrounding fellow creatures. And so, forced into self-examination, one and another pet theory showed itself in its true guise, or exaggerated deformity, compelling her into its relinquishment. The truth is she had been striving in all this time to know herself (but thinking, with considerable self-

complacency, the object was attained), had in reality marked out a character for herself which she deemed consistent, and was doing her best to live up to it, but as this strong, healthful nature coming beside her own, showing by contrast her diseased condition, it was unconsciously bringing her into something of a normal state.

So the summer passed away for Rachel, bringing great transformation. Fits of fierce passion alternating with a restful quiet were gradually working out the old leaven. Stronger and better for the bitter experience of the old-time, (though it has left ineffaceable scars,) and with a clearer view of her own needs and aims; though whether it has sufficient hold yet upon her life to make any appreciable difference in action if another shock come, we shall see.

"Dr. Ralph is going from Kenderton—so he announced to-night. The stay is already much beyond his intention when the necessity for rest and relaxation first tempted to this Sleepy Hollow."

Rachel hears it all—her mother's wonderment, regret, and the doctor's answer, without a word of comment, oppressed with a vague sense of loss, a dumb, aching pain that she cannot yet call by any name, but will by and by clamor loudly enough to make itself understood. Again the watchful eyes study her face and make out a much clearer diagnosis of the case than she does.

But as the few remaining days slipped by, it taxed all her pride to cover up the strong tide of feeling and hide the secret which despite her unwillingness was forcing itself into recognition, but she set herself to the task with no thought but to keep back the pain till the need of restraint of his presence was over, beyond that she dared not think—the old, weary life again. To-night the task will be doubly hard, for Mrs. Saxton has been called to one of the neighboring houses for advice and assistance over a sick child, and if he makes the usual visit Rachel must entertain him alone. She braced herself up determinedly, and for the time felt nerve enough, but the accustomed tap and quickly followed step at the entrance made considerable havoc with the composure, and brought his sharp questioning look upon her face, though the words of greeting took no note of it. Rachel plunged nervously into conversation, jumping at this and the other thread of talk, fearful to trust a moment's silence—vexed too at the quiet composure of her companion, whom she felt must

know it all and despise her. The tension was getting rather too strong, and she started up under pretext of searching for a book she had been trying to discuss. As she passed the arm chair in which he was seated, he rose up and taking both her hands in his drew her to the old lounge.

"My poor, little, tired Rachel, you don't hide the secret well, I know you cannot do without me."

The hot blood mounted to face and throat, and she drew back in haughty self-possession.

"Rachel!" the word thrilled her heart with a deep, hidden meaning of tenderness that she would have said a moment before he was incapable of. "I want you for my wife; look at me that I may read the assurance in your eyes."

"No! not that! I cannot forget what you have said, speak to me of something else."

He eyed her coolly as a physician might a hypochondriacal patient, wondering what new phase of the disease he might now have to deal with, but not at all disconcerted at his own ability to cure.

She raised her eyes to his, but the hard, critical look gave her no encouragement to speak, and she stood with half averted face, waiting for him.

He drew her down to the seat, and began talking. "What new morbid whim are you trying now to fan into life. You love me, I know it; I love you. Just take that thought into your heart, and let it bring sunshine to your face. You are mine."

"It cannot be, I have no right to your love," but as she said it, every fibre of her nature gave back the lie, and her face drooped wearily into her hands.

He smiled quietly as he stroked the rich masses of hair, taking her hands from her face, and drawing her head upon his bosom. Once or twice she essayed to speak, to rise, but the sense of rest was so new, so welcome, after the weary struggle, that her whole being overcame by the soft (languor that became doubly sweet as she felt she might not indulge it,) yielded itself to him, and she lay in his arms as a tired infant, trusting her life to his strength, and grasping at this sudden flash of sunshine, determined to keep it for her own. After all, why should she refuse it. The barrier was in her imagination only. She had made a mistake before,—accepted a love honest and loyal she was sure, but not answering her needs, and because of this, must she put away the love her heart was famishing for? It was

an every-day occurrence—lovers quarrelled and parted and forgot each other in a new happiness, and the world looked on approvingly. But all this did not make it clear to her heart, as she thought of that last afternoon when she and Wade parted. How the yearning cry of her soul had been then that he might grow strong enough for her to lean upon, and how day by day she had cherished it, nursing up an ideal into which she had fashioned him, unconscious that her picture was of the man who now sat beside her.

Parting, she had said, we must go our way alone, and to her it meant a vow to bear her share of the pain with no other love or sympathy than her mother could give, waiting till he should come again, showing the marks of his hard won victory. This was the one thought that had made the months gone by easier to endure. Parted, though the words intimated ultimately, yet her heart told her that to Wade too, it had meant only probation, and amid all the sorrow and loneliness, she had never come to look upon her life as other than his,—an all-enduring faith in his ability to conquer.

But the glimpse into her true feeling, the doctor's few words had shown her, made rather a hard stumbling-block. It was easy to justify herself in the sight of others, she knew—even to this man beside her, it would be only foolish fanaticism, for which he had no sympathy, no excuse, but to herself it had but one name—broken faith—a hard, unflinching fact she dared not disregard, she could make no less.

How she fought with it, trying for some way of evasion, something that would justify her to the God she was trying to serve. She wavered—but the Truth, as she had learned it in the old struggle—the Truth that made God a living helper to her, conquered, and she disengaged herself from his arms, able to bear even this for God and the right. Instead of waiting for the words he saw she meant to utter, he said, "I hear your mother's steps at the gate—I am going now little one—tomorrow we will walk yonder to the hills, and you shall say all that is making you miserable now, but for to-night I shall still call you mine."

"Why doctor, not going a' ready, it's only nine o'clock. I'm real sorry I had to be away, and you so soon going to leave."

He inwardly returned thanks for the providential interposition that had given him the coveted time for Rachel, but he returned a courteous answer of regrets, and with a pleasant good-night, left the cottage.

He inwardly returned thanks for the providential interposition that had given him the coveted time for Rachel, but he returned a courteous answer of regrets, and with a pleasant good-night, left the cottage.

"Why, dear me, Rachel, what's the matter with you? You look sick enough to be in bed, and here you've been sitting up entertaining that man, when he might have had sense enough to see you weren't fit for it. Why didn't you tell me child, before I went out to-night. I noticed you seemed rather down, but I guessed it was only headache."

"That is all it is mother, and I suppose the best thing for it will be to get to bed as soon as possible." She wanted to get away to her own thoughts to gather strength to stifle down the restless, unsatisfied yearning, and face the blank reality of the step she was taking.

"Just you lie down there, while I make you some chamomile tea,"—it was Mrs. Saxton's unflinching remedy, and just now she had a bit of gossip to dispose of that required some little dexterity in getting about, and that would afford her the needful time.

"How far off about is San Francisco from here?"

Rachel looked up wearily, with an "I believe somewhere near 2,500 miles."

"It would make rather a long trip for folks just for pleasure, wouldn't it?"

Rachel gave a vacant assent, and relapsed into silence.

Another trial. "Mrs. Upshur was down at Scott's, too, to look after the baby. She was asking after you, and I told her you were better 'an I ever knew you, but you don't look now much as though I had hit the truth."

Still she failed to elicit more token of notice than the look of pain; when the name was mentioned, made her face a shade more wan and pale.

"Mrs. Upshur was telling me she just got a letter from Wade." No need for any more effort to gain her attention, not a word would be lost now. "He's making an amazin' sight of money out there, and writes word he's coming along this way pretty soon, to make a visit."

There was no answer to this, and occupied with their own thoughts, there was a long silence—Mrs. Saxton trying to make out the effect of what she had already said, and revolving how best she might finish what she dreaded as a heart-breaking blow, to the one she loved best in the world.

As for Rachel, her mind was such a chaos, that she knew not whether it was something to be hoped for or dreaded.

The chamomile tea was made, and bringing it to the lounge, Mrs. Saxton put her arm gently round her, and holding the cup for her

to drink, said tenderly, "I have not finished my news yet, child—shall I tell you the rest."

"Yes, mother," with a faint flush.

"Wade will not come alone, he brings a bride for his mother to welcome." She said it in an anxious, hesitating way, studying the face with loving intentness, as if to substitute her own love and tenderness for the pain that was coming. But the long sigh of relief, and, "I am so very glad," that the face, even better than the lips, told, startled her into new wonderment.

"Why now, really child, you don't mean it. I was most afraid to tell you, but you look as though it was really good news. Maybe"—she was going to commence investigation on another tack, but was self-denying enough to forbear, and concluding the sentence with an admonition to get a good sound sleep, and she would be all right in the morning, sent her to her room.

It was not hard to obey the injunction, for her hard, cruel fate seemed to have worked itself out, and the few brief minutes of joy to-night, could be hugged to her heart, gone over with all the wild thrill of happiness they had brought, her own without thought of wrong.

One look yet into the little cottage in the twilight of the next evening.

"And do you think, little one, you could have let me go?"

"I meant it at any cost. My heart was frozen, numb, with the loneliness—but to Wade I was tacitly bound until he had proved himself."

"I might almost laugh at the trouble you took to rouse such an uncanny spirit, were it not that I know what a conscientious little scrap of humanity you are, and that to you it was a real and tangible part of your religion. One thing I am sure of, that my poor little tired birdie has found rest at last; and together we will exorcise the evil shadows that have warped and blackened her days, and enjoy the new life that I shall make real for her. Do you trust me for it?" And as she laid her hand in his, he gathered her close, close in the strong, loving arms, and in that one kiss, quivering with all the latent life it stirred, they two became one.

#### NEVER PUT OFF.

When'er a duty waits for thee,  
With sober judgment view it,  
And never idly wish it done;  
Begin at once and do it.

## A NONSENSE STORY.

BY ANNIE CALDWELL.

At seventeen Lillie Francis was as foolish a little beauty as could be found in the island. Her first great silliness was to engage herself; yet she always declared she could not help it. Fred was nice, and so obstinate in a fervent kind of way, that he would not stay refused. Over and over Lillie said she was too young to make any final decision—she had sometimes a glimmer of discretion—that he ought not to think of so solemn a matter as marriage before he was of age, etc., etc. All of which Fred took as meaning final consent, and appeared daily, as usual, to sun himself in the young woman's brilliant glances.

She might tell him she did not love him, as long as she blushed as she said it, and gave him a sidelong sparkling look; while a dimple indented her velvet cheek, was he likely to believe her? Yet she spoke the truth. More from intuition than knowledge, woman-like. Lillie liked to be admired; love and tenderness bewitched her. She could not satisfy herself, nor could Fred satisfy her, that she was doing well. He never left her a moment in which to think; he hurried her on by the strength of his passion. Every night she said to herself, do I love him? and a happy dream came before the question could be answered.

For the twentieth time in the eight months her father had been absent, she longed for his reproof or advice. Lillie needed some one to trust and lean on; she was at the mercy of her dear friends; and yet, this yielding creature had some strong wishes and opinions; but at seventeen they were latent. She felt the necessity, in this her first love-affair, of talking it over with somebody. Strange to say she had not one darling female comrade in the world. She naturally thought of her nearest relations, those with whom she was now staying.

Bel Gabrielle was a handsome young lady, who doubtless had had, or was having her experiences. But soft Miss Lillie shrank from unbosoming her woes; for Bel Gabrielle always saw one direct path through every difficulty, and had not the slightest understanding of indecision. She had never been placed in a dilemma in her life. Mrs. Francis, Lillie's aunt, had the reputation of being sarcastic. She certainly had an unpleasant way with her

sometimes, and a clear, laughing voice, that made her words sting. Lillie Francis shuddered at the idea of making her a judge. As she sat by the window, her rosy cheek in her chubby hand, she perceived the scent of a cigar, and Mrs. Francis' son, Bel's brother, Augustus Gabrielle, turned into the gravel path, and came directly towards her. He did not look as formidable as usual, Lillie thought. All this household were terrible to Lillie, who was not beautiful like Bel, witty and easy like the mamma, far less grave and learned like Professor Gabrielle. Lillie had never associated the idea of youth with her father's friend, this cousin by courtesy, who treated her like an insignificant ephemeral. Her father, in leaving America, had placed his daughter's affairs under the direction of Professor Gabrielle. Mrs. Francis gave her advice about her clothes, and took her to entertainments. Bel sometimes walked with her. But her heart and her meditations were neither questioned or guided.

The saunterer caught a glimpse of Lillie, threw away his cigar, and coming to the balcony, looked at her with a smile. "You look like the illustration to Love's Young Dream."

"How came he to say that?" flashed through Lillie's brain. She stood much in awe of Mr. Gabrielle, yet her bashfulness hurried her tongue, instead of quieting it—

"Oh, I do want somebody to help me about that."

"The young dream? Behold me! astute by nature, by years experienced. Let me have the confession."

"Please don't laugh," said Lillie, with a look of bewitching perplexity—"I'm really and truly in earnest."

"So am I—really and truly," his manner changing instantly. "May I come in there, or will you come out here with me?" He held out his hand; she lightly jumped from the low balcony under the tulip trees.

"I ought to ask auntie or Bel, I know," said Lillie, in a tone of apology, "but somehow I can't. I've tried time and again; it seems too silly, and they don't understand; one has to say one's thoughts out fully; I cannot; people must guess what I mean from



half a sentence. "I wish papa were here—I'm afraid, Mr. Gabrielle, he won't like it."

"Reassure yourself," said her listener, who proved himself a diviner after Lillie's own heart—"he does like it much."

Lillie's blue eyes met Gabrielle's dark ones in real surprise—

"How did he know?"

"My letters told him what yours left unsaid; but I suppose your written pages are as frank as your face. Have you been vexing yourself with the idea of a '*cruel parent*'?"

"But, Mr. Gabrielle."

"Well, Miss Francis?"

"I don't know anything."

"Socrates himself could say no more."

"I don't know what to tell Fred."

"Say no."

"So I have. Fred won't believe me for more than half an hour. In that time we are both perfectly wretched. Then I laugh; it is so funny, Mr. Gabrielle; Fred thinks it is all right again; I cannot help being a little pleasant, and then I'm just where I was before. Do I love him?"

"If you can't say no, I should think you did, simple Lillie."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the girl, "I wish there was no such thing as love, but only good times; Fred was nice before he got stupidly enamored."

Mr. Gabrielle laughed.

"Come in; it is getting too warm. This is the alley where the peaches ripen so well."

He threw open the blinds of the study door, and motioned her to enter.

"Must I marry him?" said Lillie, with a vague feeling that Professor Gabrielle had her fate in his hands. She was willing he should decide the question for her.

"Ask him," returned the sage counsellor, and Lillie perceived the six feet of Fred Foster standing in the opposite doorway. He came, the pleader of his own cause. Lillie offered no longer her faint and fond resistance. Fast bound she believed herself to be that night. Neither of the men knew then the wisdom of the girl's vacillation.

Lillie went to the door with her lover that evening. "Truly mine!" he said, softly, loitering over his balcony scene, happy Romeo that he was—"You will not torture me any more."

"I am yours," said Lillie, resignedly, "until you give me up yourself."

"That will never be, while your eyes are blue."

Lillie came back to the library door to say good-night, but seeing Mr. Gabrielle sitting with his head on his hand, and the cross-set of all his expressions on his face, she stepped over the floor, and touched his hand with hers. He did not take it.

"Good-night, Mr. Gabrielle; I may talk to you sometimes, may I not? and if I go wrong, am indiscreet, or mistaken in anything, will you tell me?"

Gabrielle had a very odd and miserable feeling while her soft hand rested on his, and her eyes were glancing up and down. What a foolish, sweet, confiding little thing it was!

"Yes, Lillie," with a touch of the professional dignity—"I will do everything I can for your happiness."

"How cold he is!" thought Lillie, and there was a little bit of an ache in her heart, too.

Now commenced the pretty ceremonial of the engagement. Lillie was formally and duly congratulated. All Fred's friends and relations came to see her; all seemed kind; she heard no criticisms. As for the father of the happy lover, he spent as much time with Lillie as the son, and was much more studious of her expression and thoughtful of her ease. If Fred found the air delicious and the hour melting, Lillie must meander about in the garden or by the river. On many a moonlight night, the reluctant Jessica sat on the banks and caught colds. I believe Fred would have killed her, if the dear old gentleman, Mr. Foster, had not come to her protection. He saw her pallor and languid air, and knew the ardent courtship was too warm, and perhaps the little snow image would melt away under it. Lillie always did whatever Fred asked, particularly if she disliked it. When he returned to his law studies, she dared not own his absence a relief. "What is the matter?" she used to say to herself—"I certainly am fond of him, but now he is away, I feel as if I could breathe."

Then the letters bore their tortures. One came every night. She was in duty bound to reply in the morning. Try as Lillie might, she could only fill two sides of commercial note, and she wrote the fashionable, sprawling hand to take up room.

On one occasion, Professor Gabrielle espied her, looking through the half open door.

"Please give me an envelope."

"Come in and choose," he replied, opening a case on the table. She came, fluttered about the box a moment or two, and finally selected one.

"Wouldn't you like something else?" asked Gabrielle with a meaning tone, which made Lillie look up in his smiling face, and utter a glad exclamation. "Letters from father! How did they come?"

"Thomas just brought them in. Sit down and read yours while I open mine."

"Now I shall be able to finish my page to Fred," said Lillie. "I've been up-stairs an hour with the pen hanging over a line."

"Don't know what to say, and a woman?"

"I don't know how to please," said Lillie, with a tone in her voice, regretted like the nightingale's last note. She turned to her letter, read a few moments silently, and then with a smothered cry, darted from the room. Mr. Gabrielle started, glanced after her, and then as if he understood it, said, "Pshaw," and began to amuse himself by trying to balance the paper-knife on the top of the inkstand, which feat, as the inkstand was adorned with a button at top, was somewhat difficult. Poor Lillie. Her father had just received the letters asking for his approbation of an attachment he had long been known to favor. He now requested that Fred should marry Lillie at once, and bring her to Paris, as he was to be detained abroad some time longer. Fred nearly turned a somersault when he got his letter, and instructions. He slammed down his law books, and sent a volume of Blackstone spinning across the room. Away with legal perplexities, and long, dismal solitary hours! A scene rose before him, crowded with laughing peasant girls, Italian mountaineers; in the distance rose the Alps, in the foreground were ruined abbeys. He snatched a sheet of paper, and Lillie received her second note that day. Refusal was out of the question, even if Lillie dreamed it. There was a family meeting, and Aunt Francis and Bel Gabrielle began to make memoranda.

"Aunt Francis says you are going to Paris too," ventured Lillie to Gabrielle, as he sat in the midst of the bristling finery, pretending to read.

"I have no fancy for playing the ghost at a banquet," said he, with the least possible touch of bitterness in his voice. His mother twitched her thread.

"You might make it *your* bridal journey, as well as Lillie's. I want my new daughter very much; give her to me, Augustus."

"Have patience, mother," said Gabrielle, and turned a leaf of his book.

Lillie stared at them both. She had a soft, bright, shy eye, very much like an antelope's, as innocent and as full of wonder.

"Didn't you know Augustus had a sweet heart?" asked his mother, wickedly.

Lillie longed to throw down her work and run away. Mr. Gabrielle, so grand and reserved, making love, and getting married like other people! What a baby he must think her! How she had told him all her troubles, her doubts and fears, and had cried before him, and made all sorts of pretty confidences, as she never could have done, if she had not considered him an abstraction. Here was a revelation. He really was a manly-looking fellow, as Lillie considered him, as a husband. Not old, only pale and bronzed, with the air of having experienced everything under the sun. Was he handsome? She did not know; it certainly was a fascinating face.

"You don't look delighted or curious," Mrs. Francis said. "It cannot be you know who it is?"

"It's so odd," said Lillie, running the needle into her fingers. "Oh, oh!"

"You never thought Augustus could be married," said Bel, for he doesn't flirt like the men you know."

One of the first evenings Fred spent with Lillie after that conversation, she began to approach the subject of their marriage. Two or three times she stopped and said, never mind, I can bear it; then, no, it is not right. I must tell him, and he shall judge. "Fred, dear," she said aloud, "don't you feel as if you could live without me?"

"Perhaps I could," said the incipient lawyer, "but I certainly don't mean to try."

"Do try. Fred, how I wish I were ugly—no I don't either. I wish I had a beautiful cousin, who would come here to visit me, and with whom you would fall in love. I should be out of the way, you know, seeing to my things. Then I would find all out just in time, and give her my wedding dress, and you would marry her, and be very happy ever after."

"And what would you do?" said Fred, laughing, for he did not see Lillie's earnestness.

"Oh I should be *glad, glad*," said she.

"Don't you love me, you teasing child?" said Fred, half sobered.

"Only a little scrap. Not as my cousin would. Not as I can love," in a low, soft voice. "I told you that a long time ago."

"You are an honest girl," said Fred, "but all this is nonsense, Lill. If you could only see how you have changed since our engagement. You have grown so womanly, so sweet. You were always a darling, but now you're an

angel. It is love, Lillie, you love, although you may not think so."

"You will not be satisfied by and by. But I have told you enough."

"Don't say a word," said Fred, passionately, holding her, as if she were about to take flight.

"Trust me, I will take all the responsibility. If I am ever sorry you do not love me more, you shall never know it. I will never reproach you. You have an imaginary standard out of a novel, and torment yourself because you can't come up to it."

"You take the risk of me," said Lillie slowly. "Let it be as you say. Bel is calling me, I must go."

"Lillie," said Fred, "if I knew your happiness required me to give up our marriage, if you were in love with another, for instance, I hope I could give you up."

"You're a good boy," said Lillie, smiling. She ran off, and Fred repeated his words.

"I wonder if that is it," said he, and his words roused a new current of thoughts. Fred had a bee in his bonnet sure enough, now.

Lillie's was the prettiest wedding dress seen that year. It came home two weeks before the day. She put it on to see if it were perfect. It was soft corded silk, a dim, lustreless kind, trimmed with old point belonging to her mother. The veil was an heirloom, too. The dress was too splendid for little Lill, Bel said. While muslin would have suited her better. She spied Fred here, and called him in. He looked at his love as if she were the saint who was to save him, but did not speak.

"Isn't it pretty, Fred?"

"Pretty!" said he, and put back the veil that fell in flowery folds.

"What has Aunt Francis been telling you. You look very grave. Has she been telling you what a bad wife I'll make?"

Still Fred looked at her, and then exclaimed—

"Oh! Lillie."

"Well, my dear sir."

"You remember what you said the night after I came home?"

"How could I forget it!"

"I am going to give you up, Lillie."

Lillie stared. In a second a strange feeling of weakness came over her. She put her hand through Fred's arm, and bending down her head, leaned and listened.

"Be frank, tell me everything. I have no wishes but yours."

It was useless to expect a word from that trembling girl.

"I am not utterly selfish, though I must have seemed so. I have just come to my senses," forever, he kept from adding. "I have told Mr. Gabrielle. He asked me to bring you down. Take care, you are tumbling all this lace. Don't. Don't look so, Lillie. Forgive me."

"Forgive me," she whispered, "I have made you wretched."

"It is my fault, dear. But don't let us talk of it. I understand all now. Take off this dress. I will wait for you down stairs."

As he went away, he stepped slowly and shuffled as one who carries a weight. Lillie tossed her splendor in a heap and presently found him, with a newspaper, of course, a man's diversion. Mr. Gabrielle was as cold as a judge.

"Sit down, Lillie, what do you expect me to say?"

"I am as bad as possible," said she.

"Not bad, perhaps," said he, "but unutterably weak. It would be instructive to know how many times you have changed your mind since you have known Foster's sentiments. Your vacillation causes the wrong that deliberate malice would do. You have no right to such changes. You are well rid of her," turning to Fred, who sat beside Lillie, looking steadily at the speaker.

"You mistake, sir. It is my doing this time, and, Mr. Gabrielle, I will not hear her blamed. *She* has been honest all the time. I regularly bullied her into having me. If I had not been a donkey I could have seen how it was long ago."

Mr. Gabrielle leaned forward.

"I beg your pardon if I have said anything unjustly, Fred. I believe it would have been all right if you had not let her see the power she wielded."

"How very little you know of women," said Fred. "Your Sanscrit has not helped you in human nature."

Lillie was leaning her hand on Fred's arm.

"You are a foolish child, loving and cooling with every breath. Tell me *your* story Lillie. Your lover is a patient one. You are disregarding very rare affection."

"I have found out, that like many other shifting things in nature, there was in fact, a law of constancy that guided and determined the changes." Fred spoke slowly and more carefully than usual. "It is useless for you to plead for any one but yourself, sir," he added, holding Lillie's hand, and looking full at Mr. Gabrielle. That gentleman

had been rather pale during the interview, and his manner was unusually quiet. A dark glow shot over his face, he looked as if Fred had struck him.

Without giving Lillie a moment in which to think, Fred kissed her as if for the last time, then put her hand into Gabrielle's. It was an odd fancy that induced him to wish to see the end of every hope of his. Not only to give up his love but bestow her on another. I am sure Gabrielle wished he had not been so precipitate.

"It has come on me at last," said Gabrielle, "as if destiny was determined on that mortification. I believe I am bewitched, but I never told you I loved you, Lillie. Perhaps I never should, but Fred has."

Fred had not, but who would contradict the professor. Neither Lillie or Gabrielle knew when he left them, they had a general impression that they were alone, when her dignified guardian played the lover to perfection, and Lillie knew to the core of her heart what was passionate love, and fond answering. Fred went down the garden and leaned on the gate.

"What shall I do?" thought he. "I can't stay here turning over the leaves of my books and chewing these unsatisfactory recollections. If I could only wash these past months off my mind as I used to rub out my sums! For aught I see, I shall think forever. What unaccountable beings women are. I suppose she would have married me, and never breathed a word. I should never have known if I hadn't extracted her suspicion from Mrs. Francis. Well, it's over."

He leaned his head on his arms, and through all his desultory thinking went and came a sharp, knife-like pain. How long he leaned there he never knew; he was roused by a low-spoken "Fred," and saw Lillie beside him.

"Have you come to me now?" he said.

"You must say you do not hate me," said Lillie. "I can never be happy, unless you forgive me."

"Be happy then," he answered, "and make him happy too; don't starve him with little crumbs of comfort."

"But you," repeated Lillie, "are you going away?"

"You don't care about two lovers, I suppose. Yes, I am going away. Be easy Lillie," added Fred, seeing the anxious unhappy expression she wore, "men are made of stern stuff. Good night, I'm going to get some supper."

## FAITH IN GOD.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The soft winds speak to me of God,  
Wandering from southern shores—o'er balmy seas—

I hear His voice stir in the mighty winds,  
Which in the night time shake the forest trees—  
I see His love and beauty in the flowers  
That flush and sweeten all the summer leas.

I feel His goodness in the quiet heart  
I take with me through trial, day by day;  
I know He cares for me alway, because  
Some light of comfort ever cheers my way;  
In darkest hours something beyond myself  
Supports me, holds me up, and is my stay.

I wonder, sometimes, with a vague, strange dread,  
That makes my faith more steadfast, and more deep,

Wonder what are the feelings of the man  
Who owns no God, and has no vows to keep—  
Who knows no being more divine than man—  
Who sows no seed, and has no grain to reap!

Who sees beyond but a hiatus grim—  
No promised meeting with his loved and lost;  
Beholds his future stretching darkly out—  
A dreary waste, by death's cold river crost!  
Oh, helpless voyager on the sea of doubt!  
Oh helpless bark! by wind and tempest tost!

Let the world fall—let all that I have loved  
Fall from my sight! and turn to night the day!  
Let foes be cruel, and dear friends prove false—  
Let pain and grief assail me all the way!  
Let death's hand draw the curtain at the end—  
But do not take my faith in God away!  
FARMINGTON, N. H.

For the most loved are they,  
Of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice  
In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way!  
The vale with its deep fountains, is their choice,  
And gentle hearts rejoice  
Around their steps!—'till silently they die,  
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.  
And the world knows not then,  
Not then, nor ever, what pure thoughts are fled!  
Yet these are they that on the souls of men  
Come back, when night her folding veil hath spread,  
The long remembered dead!

Young man, would you become morally strong? Would you grow up perfectly competent to resist every foe to your happiness, every enemy which may dispute your progress in the way of noble manhood? Would you fit yourself for usefulness in this world and for happiness in the next? Then listen to the feeblest voice of conscience, calling you to duty and to right.



## BERTHA'S MARRIAGE.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

"Conscious guilt, if I ever saw it," said Mr. Norman Curtis, inclining his head towards Bertha, and addressing his remark to me.

"How long has this been going on?"

"How long has what been going on, Mr. Curtis?" I asked, coldly.

"This affair between my wife and that priestly hypocrite?"

"What affair?"

"Peste! Don't affect innocence, Margaret Lester. How often has Irwin visited here during the winter?"

"As often as he has visited the other families in his parish. Once a week, perhaps, on an average."

"Does 'perhaps' signify a call in the interim?"

"Your honor is at liberty to consult proper authorities on the signification of words."

"Were you always present during these visits?"

"I was."

"Of what did Bertha and the parson converse?"

"Of God and the immortality of the soul."

"Pish! What else?"

"Of historical events and personages; of art, Belle Letters and the sciences."

"How did they look and act while so conversing?"

"They looked as if they were interested in their themes, and they acted in an entirely rational manner."

Bertha rose up at this juncture, very white, but firm, and saying—"As this is an informal court, and one of the accused parties absent, I suppose the other may be permitted to retire during the remainder of the trial," she glided from the room.

"Is your worship judge and jury as well as prosecuting attorney in this case?" I inquired.

Mr. Curtis flushed and frowned. "This is no matter for jest," said he. "I wish to ascertain the truth, and I do not mean to relinquish my efforts until I have accomplished my object."

"Your resolve is praiseworthy, Mr. Curtis; but beware that you do not, by too strenuous effort, overreach your object. Many have pursued truth with such violence that they

have quite overleaped it, and fallen 'on t'other side.' Bertha's appearance just now indicated to your mind the guiltiness with which you coarsely charged her; but to me, her confusion and distress proved only her dawning consciousness of the fact that, as the wife of another, she prized too highly the society and friendship of Irwin. Your rude accusation, utterly false in the sense that you put it, has had the good effect to apprise her of this truth, and has had the bad effect to deepen her aversion of you. This seems a matter of regret, seeing that, in a different manner, the good end might have been accomplished, and not the bad also."

"Your language is rather ambiguous, Miss Lester. If I understand you, you think my accusation true enough in essence, but somewhat rude and startling in form."

"You do not understand me. Your accusation is false through and through; it has not the slightest foundation in truth. It implies a freedom of intercourse between the two that was never dreamed of by either, and hints at the consciousness of a passion which both would regard as a crime to foster. That they experience a mutual pleasure in each other's society, is absolutely certain; but it was a pleasure with which no feeling of guilt was mingled. They have been frank and open as the day in their communion, and I would stake my life that their delight in each other has never been made unholy by the remotest thought of wrong. It cannot be so hereafter. You have aroused the slumbering consciousness of Bertha, and henceforward she cannot surrender herself to the charm of Irwin's companionship without sin."

"It is high time that she should be awakened, I think," growled Mr. Curtis.

"Doubtless. I only regret the manner in which it was done."

"Pray, tell me, since you comprehended so clearly the state of affairs, why did you not perform the duty yourself, Miss Lester?"

"My duty was not manifest, nor did I comprehend so clearly the state of affairs until to-night. I had fears, but they lacked confirmation. It was more instinct than anything I saw that warned me of danger. And I hoped, if it were true that Bertha and Irwin

felt an unwarrantable interest in each other, that some kindly circumstance would put them asunder, and save them from the pain and humiliation that self-knowledge must bring, while they remained in such close neighborhood that an occasional meeting was inevitable."

"How very considerate," sneered Mr. Curtis. "But now, what's to be done? Shall I lock up Bertha, and horsewhip the parson?"

"Yes, if you would act like an idiot and a madman."

"But I *wouldn't*, Miss Lester; I would act like a wise and a sane man. What's to be done?"

"Nothing by you; the matter will adjust itself."

"Ah yes, I suppose so,—with an elopement," he said dubiously.

"That suggestion is discreditable to you, Mr. Curtis, and does injustice to your wife and her friend. The honor of both may be safely trusted. They may err unconsciously, but not wilfully and deliberately."

"I am not so positive on that point," he answered, skeptically. "Passion hoodwinks the conscience of the most of us, and it is the easiest thing in the world to convince ourselves that what we want it is right for us to have. That old serpent that led our first mother astray with his cunning sophistries—ha! his head is not bruised yet, and he goes up and down the earth whispering, with his old subtle sweetness, in the ears of the tempted, 'Eat, ye shall not surely die.' Well, the devil appears to have the best of the argument, and he usually wins with poor human nature. I have no reason to expect anything else in this case. I confess I have no confidence in Bertha. I don't understand her. I used to think I was pretty well versed in the mysteries of that queer piece of mechanism—a woman's heart—but hers contradicts all established laws and principles. She appeared such a sly, tender, yielding, lovable and loving little creature when I saw her first, that I determined at once to possess her; for I will confess to you, tête-à-tête, that we old fellows who have lived to ourselves so long, and had matters all our own way, don't fancy settling down in marital relations with one of your upright, downright, perpendicular sort of women, who have the audacity to see our faults, and dare tell us of them right to our heads, and do it, too,—in fact, to speak frankly, Miss Lester, we don't like your style."

I bowed profoundly in recognition of the inadvertent compliment.

"What we want is some young, unformed, affectionate, confiding, blissful, simple-minded creature, whom we can mould to our own liking, and who will conform readily to our little peculiarities and eccentricities, think our very vices virtues, and ourselves, verily, gods, whom it is an inestimable privilege to be permitted to fall down and worship. That look of supreme contempt isn't becoming to you, Miss Lester, and isn't a fitting reward for my commendable frankness. As I was going to tell you, when, accepting her pressing invitation, I visited my old friend, Mrs. Willis, and was presented to her charming step-daughter, I believed I had found my beau idéal of a wife, and resolved to secure her without loss of time.

She was such a timid, shrinking little thing that I had to commit the wooing altogether to Mrs. Willis, but that estimable lady assured me that Bertha felt highly flattered and vastly pleased with my preference, (as of course she ought) and that only her excessive modesty and extreme awe of me withheld her from the exhibition of her affection. I wasn't much used to such 'modesty' and 'awe,' and it tickled my fancy vastly. It would be a pleasant task, I reckoned, to overcome such charming timidity. So I hastened the wedding, for I was impatient as a school-boy to get possession of my treasure; and besides I wanted the authority to crush out her inordinate love of books before it got to be chronic and incurable. (I think a taste for literary pursuits an abominable vice in woman, Miss Lester.) Such a shy, fluttering bird no man ever tried to tame, I'm positive. When I had got her safely caged she was wilder than before, and all my assurances of love and protection only seemed to increase her alarm at my approach. I was divided between mirth and vexation at her extraordinary behaviour for a time; but all at once my lady changed her tactics, and began to act on the offensive—or, I suppose she calls it the defensive—and by Jupiter! I can testify to the fact that the shy dove has got sharp talons. Now who could have foreseen that such a mild, soft, inoffensive little piece of humanity as she was, could develop into such an outrageous vixen, and destroyer of man's peace, as she is?"

"Yourself, Mr. Curtis, if your knowledge of 'that queer piece of mechanism,—a woman's heart'—had been half as profound as you imagined it. You did not even understand its first law and governing principle, and yet, as is usual with men of your stamp, you laid

claims to an absolute knowledge. It is too late to offer advice on this subject now; but if you were again seeking a wife, I would counsel you to do your own wooing, and be more fully assured as to the causes of your elect lady's shyness than you appear to have been in this case. I would caution you not to mistake a lack for an excess of reverence, and to be satisfied with nothing less than a free and open avowal of affection from her own lips; for believe me, in order to mould a woman's nature so completely to your liking as you desire, it is an actual prerequisite that it be made pliant by love."

"My dear Miss Lester, I assure you the thought never once occurred to me that Bertha did not love me," said Mr. Norman Curtis, stroking his glossy beard complacently. "My previous experience with your sex tended to relieve me of all apprehensions on that score, and I would have considered it entirely superfluous to have questioned the nature of the impression I had made on the heart of a mere school-girl. I presupposed her delighted acceptance of my sacrifice in the same moment that I resolved to make it. You see, Miss Lester, I don't mind speaking with candor to you who are yourself so candid. Now what mystifies and perplexes me is that I, who have reason to believe myself a general favorite with womankind, should be so disagreeable to the one whom I have honored with my choice. Am I not a comely and a pleasing man? Would it not be an insult to compare me with that confounded milk sop of a parson on whom she smiled to-night as she never smiled on me?"

"Assuredly, yes," I answered, with perfect truth, but thought it not necessary to demonstrate on which side the insult would lie.

"And now I would like to know what sufficient cause Bertha has for treating me with such disrespect, not to say contempt. Can you show me, Miss Lester?"

"I doubt if I can," I said, rising to go. "I decline making the attempt from reasons based on phrenological grounds, and supported by this half hour's conversation with you. You cannot, in the very nature of things, comprehend the cause. Good-night."

I went out feeling dissatisfied with myself, feeling ashamed that I had allowed the man's intense egotism to disgust and vex me to such a degree that I had spoken words wide of my purpose, and done harm, perhaps, when I had meant to do good. After all, I doubted if it were humanly possible to reconcile and bring

into friendly and undisturbed relations two natures so adverse as these; the one so coarse and obtuse, the other so fine and delicately strung.

As I passed to my room, I tapped at Bertha's locked door, whispering, "Margaret," but she answered with a suppressed sound of weeping:

"Oh, not to-night, dear friend."

I understood. Hers was not the thrilling, tumultuous joy of the maiden awakened to the first consciousness of her heart's preference, and longing for the bosom of her sister friend wherein to hide her happy tears and blushes while she whispers the sweet secret. No—Heaven help her!—hers was the shame, the humiliation, the deep, unutterable agony of one who loves without the right to love, and to whom the revelation of the truth comes like a battle shock, the beginning of a fiery conflict, a stern, silent, death wrestle, on which no mortal eye may look. The loving friend has no office here, for the soul so suffering shrinks from human sympathy, and hides from human pity; God alone is witness of the anguish and the struggle.

So I, an unwilling Levite, passed by on the other side; but I could not rest that night. My soul felt the jar and shock of another's conflict, and my thoughts kept darksome watch while another wrestled and prayed. I wondered how it was that the disciples could sleep while that death struggle was going on in "the place called Gethsemane." I wondered how Peter's eyes could again grow heavy after his Lord had stood by him, saying, in a voice whose thrilling note of anguish is audible through the thunder and tumult of eighteen hundred years, "What! couldst thou not watch with me one hour?" But, ah! faithless Peter, who of us may rebuke thee? Not I—not I!

Bertha, very pale and sad, but outwardly calm, was standing by the window when I entered the breakfast-room next morning. I went at once to her side—not to offer by word or look an unasked sympathy, not to make inquiries as to how the night had passed, but simply to say, "How beautiful the morning is, Bertha," and to look out on the pure, glittering landscape, where every tree and shrub bore its fleecy burden of freshly fallen snow, touched with rosy hues, and flashing with countless brilliant diamonds, the gift of the royal, newly-risen sun.

She slipped her hand in mine, and stood for some moments with averted face, not speaking. At length, turning slowly around, with a faint smile touching her lips she said in a low voice—

"I had holy company last night, Margaret."  
 "The Lord's blessed angels," I murmured, in awe.

"Ay, the Lord Himself, whom I have doubted. Not the Father, in His glory, majesty and power, but the Son, with His burden of human woes—the meek, suffering Christ, with His bleeding brow and divine, patient eyes, who touched me with His holy hand, and spake one word to my anguished, rebellious soul, as He passed with the look that He might have worn when He said, 'my soul is exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death.'"

"What was the word He spake, my darling—what was the lesson the holy vision taught?"

"Endure."

There was a look in Bertha's face that I had never seen before. The eyes, clear as the sky after it is swept by storms, shone with the light of earnest resolve, and the grieved, child-like mouth was moulded to an expression of firmness and power altogether new.

"God strengthen you in your righteous purpose, dear," I said, pressing her hands fervently, and touching my lips reverently to her forehead.

"A charming tableau, ladies, upon my word," spoke Mr. Curtis, at the door. "Pray, was it gotten up especially in my honor? Allow me to say, I would greatly have preferred the position of actor to that of spectator. Either character in the scene would have been agreeable."

Bertha's hand shook as she withdrew it from mine, and a swift shadow flitted over her face; but, with a strong effort, she overcame her instinctive feeling of repugnance sufficiently to turn and greet him kindly, yet in a manner that forbade the slightest approach to a caress, had he felt disposed to offer it. The morning passed heavily. Bertha strove bravely to sustain her part, and to preserve a cheerful, calm exterior; but the effort was too apparent to render the effect entirely pleasing. My heart was pained for her. Some of you may know how difficult it is, when one is only suffering, to maintain composedly the proprieties and common-places of life.

It was after breakfast, and Mr. Curtis, having lit his beloved weed, was passing from the room with the peculiarly peaceful expression of the inveterate smoker, when Bertha faintly called his name. He turned back at the door, and removing his meerschaum from his mouth, poured out a volume of smoke that would have done credit to a small engine, saying, in a

drawling tone, as he watched the dense cloud part and float in blue waves through the room—"What is it, my duck?"

Bertha shrank, as if the endearing epithet had been a blow, but rallying instantly, asked—"How soon do you intend returning to the city?"

"That depends altogether on yourself," answered Mr. Curtis, replacing his pipe, and puffing vigorously. "If I find your company pretty agreeable, I shant return in some time," he added, sending forth another stream of noxious, lung-irritating vapor, and eyeing his wife sleepily through the blue, curling haze.

At a swift movement of Bertha's hand, the window near which she was sitting came down with a crash, whereat Mr. Curtis, taking the ungentle hint, quietly smothered the fire with which he was burning incense to unknown gods, and stood with the air of one who had made a vast, unappreciable sacrifice of rational pleasure to irrational caprice.

"If you have no objections," said Bertha, with effort, "I would like to go with you when you return, and I would prefer to go at once."

"What! and leave the eloquent, fascinating young parson in these primeval solitudes, to waste his sweetness on the desert air? How can you?" said her husband, mockingly, with a stare of real or feigned surprise.

Bertha made a deprecating gesture. "No more of that," she said. "Answer me in a word—can I go with you?"

"I suppose so," he replied, with a sudden show of indifference; "but I am in no haste."

"We will leave on Monday—will we not?" she said, in a voice that plead against denial.

"On Monday?—why, this is Saturday. No; we cannot go so soon. Monday week will do," he answered, noticing her eagerness with secret satisfaction, and delighted at an opportunity to repay her for so often thwarting his own wishes.

She rose to her feet, and looking steadily into his face, said firmly—"Mr. Curtis, I shall leave Linden the day after to-morrow, God willing."

He looked at her with dilated eyes, and gave a prolonged whistle. "Can I go with you?" he asked, imitating the tone in which she had put the same inquiry.

"I suppose so," she replied, assuming the indifference with which he had answered her.

Friends, Bertha was no saint. The simple preparations for our departure were soon completed. (I was to leave upon the same train done with Bertha and her husband, but my destina-



tion lay miles beyond theirs.) At noon on Saturday, Bertha said to me—"There is one thing more that ought to be done, Margaret; we should visit again the friends whose sorrows and sufferings we have made our own, and give them what last help and comfort we can." For, whatever Bertha's failings might be, she was tender and kind to the needy and afflicted, and suffering in any form appealed to her sympathy, and met with a quick response in actual aid and comfort. Her benevolence was of the true practical sort—active, but hidden, and shunning all display.

I expressed my readiness to accompany her upon her loving mission, but from some cause, not clear to my apprehension, she held back, and manifested extreme unwillingness to depart, proposing once that I should go alone in her stead, pleading that she felt too ill to go out.

It occurred to my mind that she might be fearful of finding Irwin at some one of the places which we were in the habit of visiting, and as I had reason to think an interview with him to be the thing she desired especially to avoid, I could not find it in my heart to say a word in favor of going where there was any possibility of meeting him. But late in the afternoon he passed the Hall in an opposite direction from the village, and with nervous haste, Bertha appressed herself for her walk, and we set out together on our errand.

The sun was just dropping behind the range of hills that formed the background to the little hamlet when we came to the sexton's gate, and undoing the clumsy fastening, passed up the steep flight of steps that led into the humble house—the last at which we were to stop, not to give but to receive comfort, for an angel of God dwelt there. A little child, with a dwarfed, deformed body, but with a face like a seraph, stretched out her hands joyfully towards us as we entered the small, rudely furnished apartment, which her presence lighted with a glory that was not of earth. Bertha dropped on her knees by the low couch, and twining her arms lovingly about the little sufferer bowed her forehead reverently to receive the kiss that was like a benediction. There always seemed to be some secret understanding between the two. The child's clear eyes looked down into the woman's heart and read there all its untold pain and bitterness; the woman felt the child's unselfish love, and drew sweet comfort from her unspoken and unquestioning sympathy.

I never disturbed their quiet communions,

and for some minutes Bertha had knelt with the dwarf's beautiful head lying upon her bosom, talking less by words than by looks and silent caresses, when, from my station near the window, I saw Irwin coming down the road, and a moment after, heard his step and voice in the outer room. Bertha, too, heard, as I perceived by her nervous start and the sudden pallor that overspread her face which was partially turned from me.

"Why do you tremble so?" asked the child. "It is only the good pastor who comes to read to me of the beautiful world, and its celestial habitants, like the shining ones of whom I sometimes dream, and wake, thrilling from the touch of their holy hands. Why does your heart flutter so?"

The sexton's wife had opened the door to admit her little girl's visitor during this speech, and Bertha hastily putting away the arms that clung about her neck rose to her feet, and, with every vestige of color gone from her face, retreated to the farther side of the room.

Irwin greeted me as he passed to Zillah's bed-side, and thence to Bertha, reaching out his hand to her with a pleased smile, that vanished quickly when he saw her pallor and agitation. Her hand, quivering like a leaf in the tempest of her emotion, was laid reluctantly in his, and as his fingers closed over it with a warm, thrilling pressure, her maiden heart gave a quicker bound, and the blood that had receded from her face rolled back in a tumultuous tide, dyeing cheek and brow with "love's celestial red." He leaned towards her for an instant, with eager, breathless delight, his eye glowing, his whole countenance aflame with the light of an unspeakable happiness; then suddenly growing white even to the lips, he hastily dropped her hand, and turned away with such an expression of anguish as I had never seen written on any human face.

How was this? Yesterday I had seen them meet with the free, unembarrassed air of brother and sister, but to-day (were their souls so closely and subtly connected?) the newly awakened consciousness of one, by a simple interchange of looks was communicated to the other, and both blushed and paled before the revealed secret of their hearts, at once so blissful and so agonizing. There was no attempt on the part of either to cover their mutual agitation by any common-place remark, or assumed indifference of manner. Each felt that the other could not be deceived, and neither, in the trouble of the moment, thought

or cared for the observation of a third party.

Hurriedly bidding Zillah good-by, yet not telling her of her contemplated journey, Bertha passed from the room, and I, imitating her example, presently followed, glancing back as I closed the door at the picture which I see distinctly yet—the tall, dark figure of Irwin standing in shadow, with bowed head and averted face as he had turned from Bertha; the heavenly child with her dazzlingly white countenance and glorious hair glittering like pure gold in the red western light that streamed in direct rays over her bed, leaving the rest of the room in semi-darkness.

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said a voice in my soul, as I dropped my eyes from the angelic face that I was never to see again, excepting as memory reproduced it; for the snows of the next March melted and mingled with the dust of her no longer suffering body, and her free, glorified spirit rejoiced in the eternal spring-tide of God's celestial paradises.

We walked home swiftly through the gathering twilight—swiftly and silently, for neither by word nor look did Bertha manifest a consciousness of my presence. Only when we were entering the house she said, in a low tone, "I had rather have died, Margaret," and I knew she believed—dear heart—that she was speaking truth, and yet in some sense that silent meeting was the happiest memory of her life.

We found the warm atmosphere of the parlor strongly impregnated with the odor of tobacco smoke—an evidence of Mr. Curtis' late occupation—and with a smothered expression of disgust, Bertha turned back at the door, and passed up to her own room. If that blue strangling vapor had been puffed from Irwin's lips, would she not have inhaled it as a delicious fragrance? Faugh! 'Tis an ugly thought and sickening. But how are we to account for the phenomenon, so frequently witnessed, of a delicate, fastidious woman sitting down contentedly, in an atmosphere where she could not once have breathed, for an hour's chat with her adored spouse, whose face she is seldom permitted to see excepting through a cloud dense as that which hangs over the regions of Pluto and Proserpine? And what are we to think when she affirms that the odor of the burning weed is not disagreeable to her, that, in fact, she rather likes it, taking the defensive side whenever her lord's practice is assailed, (proper, of course,) while we know that if any other should sit down and pollute

the air of her rooms with such poisonous exhalations, she would denominate him, without qualification, "a beast," or at the mildest, "no gentleman."

There seems a distinction without a difference. But have we not learned that to one who loves the sinner, his sin is not nigh so grievous as it appears to the cold, uninterested observer? Love tolerates offences that indifference cannot.

Let that Saturday evening, March 21, 18—pass without farther record.

"We are all to attend church to-day," announced Mr. Curtis, on Sunday morning.

"Does 'all' include Mr. Curtis?" I inquired. "I believe I have heard you—boast—that you never attended places of divine worship."

"Never do, excepting when specially interested in the preacher," he answered, with a glance at Bertha. "I gave up the practice of attending church some years ago, for altogether conscientious reasons. You see the attention of the ladies—particularly in this rural district—was so strongly attracted towards me that they grew quite unmindful of the religious exercises, and not wishing the devotion of the fair creatures entirely transferred to me, I modestly, and from a sense of duty, absented myself from the congregations."

"Perhaps the best thing you could have done, Mr. Curtis, as your state of mind must have precluded the possibility of any good resulting to yourself. I can readily believe the effect of your presence in a holy place to have been such as you describe it. There is a tradition of a tribe of men dwelling on the shores of the Dead Sea, (which sea I imagine to be of vaster dimensions than geographically stated,) who turning away from the living God, and winking with hot blindness at the brightness of his eternal truths, gave themselves over to evil guidance, and permitted themselves to be deceived by all manner of falsities and abominable delusions, mocking and sneering at the Holy Prophet sent to instruct them, until at last, grown quite incapable of earnestness, or of believing in anything good and true, they were changed into apes, who (or which) in the peculiar fancy of Mr. Carlyle, are 'sitting on trees there by the Asphaltic Lake, grinning now in the most unaffected manner; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense, and finding the whole universe now a most indispensible humbug.' The attention of the most devout of us would undoubtedly be attracted by the appearance of one of this species in the house of instruction. A phenomenon so re-

markable would excite our wonder to such a degree that we might, as you said, grow unmindful of our devotional exercises in our observation of it. You are not the first of your genius who have mistaken a human, or a philosophic interest, for personal admiration."

Mr. Curtis bowed stiffly.

"Of course when a lady is ambitious enough to attempt to play at swords with me, gallantry will not permit me to give thrust for thrust but only to parry her spiteful blows," said he with a show of magnanimity.

"Indeed, sir, in that case I decline to play with you, as I should feel more humiliated and disgraced by advantage, than by defeat, with an opponent less 'gallant.'"

"How soon does the performance commence, Bertha?" he asked, changing the subject.

She lifted her eyes from the book she was feigning to read, and looked at him inquiringly.

"At what hour do the doors open to the exhibition of Brother Irwin's gymnastic and vocal exercises?" She dropped her eyes as if she did not comprehend him. The man's perpetual levity, and attempts at wit, were excessively wearisome.

"Mrs. Curtis," he said, with some faint perception of the truth, dropping his jesting tone of speaking with mock respect, "how soon do the morning services at the Rev. Francis Dudley Irwin's church begin?"

"In half an hour," she answered, glancing at the timepiece on the mantel.

"In that case it is time you were putting on your bonnet. You have not a moment to spare from the performance of that delicate and difficult operation, if we are to be present at the laying of the corner-stone to our worthy's discourse."

"I shall not attend church to-day," Bertha said quietly.

"Not even to please me?" Mr. Curtis spoke in a tone of tender reproach, and with a look of regret almost real. An expression of pain passed over Bertha's face.

"If your request were made from true, pure motives, I should not feel justified in refusing to comply with it, but you know in your soul that it is not from a Christian principle that you wish me to go with you to the house of God to-day," she said, lifting her clear, true eyes to his.

He answered her with a light, mocking laugh. When, a quarter of an hour later, I returned to the parlor, he was still striving to change her purpose, urging her to give her reasons (which he knew full well) for declining to go;

for now that Norman Curtis had no fears of his rival, it was pleasant to "have a little sport out of the matter," and his low insinuating ha! ha! rang with disagreeable frequency through the room, bringing a flush of anger to Bertha's cheek.

Seeing my readiness for church, however, he rose to accompany me, turning back at the door to nod and laugh at Bertha, and beg for some last message to bear to the "poor parson," who would be, he felt sure, as embarrassed by the absence of her face as Kant was said to have been by the restoration of the student's missing button.

The bell was sending forth its last mellow call as we reached the church steps, where a group of smooth-chinned village swains stood watching the rose-cheeked damsels as they came tripping up with flying colors, bright, coquettish glances, tossing heads, and an altogether conquering air. Passing these, we went in quietly, and had taken our seats, when Irwin entered, and looking neither to the right nor the left, crossed the house, ascended to the pulpit, and dropped upon his knees in silent prayer.

Perhaps if I had given sufficient thought to myself that morning, to have looked into my own heart, I would have discovered that I had gone to church less to worship God than to study his preacher. For in spite of my boasted confidence in Irwin, I did not feel altogether so sure as to the course of action he would take in this trouble in which he and Bertha were involved, as I could have wished, and as I had given Mr. Curtis reason to suppose. There were so many inequalities in his character,—he was at once so strong and so weak, so wise and so foolish, so right-hearted and so wrong-headed, that it was really impossible to predict unerringly what his conduct in any case might be, whether the noble sentiments of honor and duty that ruled him in one hour would guide him wholly in the next. But these inequalities, what were they but the alternate triumph of good and evil, that tore his soul with their perpetual conflict? The devil might have his temporal victories, but I had faith that God's powers would ultimately win; for Irwin was earnest—earnest and truly humble, and I felt a hope for him that I did not for the "shallow, flippant, unbelieving man who sat by my side with a sneer of contempt, and a smirk of conceit on his face, and a manner totally lacking in reverence for Him—the holy One, in whose name we were gathered together. The people were all as—

sembled, the doors were closed, and a breathless stillness reigned in the church. All eyes were directed expectantly towards the pulpit, but no head was lifted and no voice sounded there. I think the sight of that silent figure, bowed down in an attitude expressive of a deep, unfeigned humility, and an infinite, unutterable need, was more impressive than the most eloquently-worded petition that I ever heard offered. It touched every awakened soul with a sense of its own sin, with a feeling of its own need, and many in the congregation slid down upon their knees in voiceless confession and supplication. And to bodily sense the stillness grew yet more profound, but to the ear of the reverent spirit it spoke with an eloquent tongue—"The Lord is in His holy Temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him."

Irwin's eyes, as he rose up and stood for a moment looking silently over the house, seemed to ask pardon of every one there for his pretension to an office which he felt so wholly unworthy to fill. I never heard him speak with such effort as he spoke upon that day. His discourse was ably written; but he delivered it in such an absent, dull, apathetic manner, that in spite of its intrinsic beauty, excellence and power, it failed to produce any other effect than weariness. When a speaker shows no interest in his theme, it is hardly to be expected that his listeners will feel any. He had entered with his whole soul into the composition of the sermon, but when he came before his people to preach it, his soul was elsewhere. He regarded the written production with evident surprise—he could not comprehend it—it appeared unreal, foreign, and in no manner his. Had he felt so?—thought so? It must have been in some other life. Contrasting the full, rich, royal state of yesterday with the poor, empty, desolate mood of to-day, he might have exclaimed with Emerson—"I am a God in nature; I am a weed by the wall."

At the conclusion of his reading (unhappily for his audience that day, it was *only* reading, and the very dullest of reading, too, without spirit or life), he announced his intention of resigning his post, and of immediately leaving Linden, affirming that he felt his ministry there to have been unsatisfactory, and of little profit, and that none could desire its continuance, or be sorrowful at his departure.

This sudden announcement was of course received with surprise, and there were a few murmurs of dissent, but the majority of his

congregation, I think, were disposed for once to agree with him; for truth to tell, the young minister's preaching at its best was not of the sort that these worthy country people liked, being, as they thought something too visionary, and, as they feared, (oh, dreadful word to pronounce!) *unorthodox*.

I gave a side glance at Mr. Curtis to see how he received the intelligence. He was looking at Irwin with the same stare of astonishment with which he had regarded Bertha when she signified her intention of leaving Linden, and I half expected to hear him, as upon that occasion, give vent to a shrill whistle—his usual mode of expressing surprise.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, as he cleared the church steps, quite forgetting in his astonishment to put into execution the threat he had made to Bertha of inviting the parson home to dinner, "what a hurry they are in to get away from each other!"

"I told you that principle would triumph," I said, with the vanity of human nature, laying claims to actual fore-knowledge the instant the event verified my hope.

Bertha came through the sexton's gate just before we reached it, and stood waiting for us to come up. She had been again to visit Zillah, to tell her of her intended departure, which in the confusion of the preceding evening she had forgotten to do. There was no danger of meeting Irwin at that hour.

"What were his words? How did he look? Did he seem to suffer?" were the questions which her eyes asked of me when we were alone, but her lips were silent. Oh, defrauded heart! What would she not have given to have looked in his face, to have touched his hand, to have heard his voice once more—only once—and not betrayed her secret! But downcast eyes, burning cheeks, throbbing heart and trembling hands would have confessed it, for conscious love, how blind soever he may be pictured, has a thousand tongues, and every one of them speaks.

Well, the sun of that Sabbath went down, and in the coach of sleep, with many a jolt, and start, and overturning, we traversed the desert of night, and arrived at the morning gates of another day, through which we passed to new scenes, bearing our burdens with us.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is, unquestionably, a quarrel.



## PETROLEUM.

### A SEQUEL TO "WHETHER IT PAID."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

#### CHAPTER IV.

All this time the war was going on. Afar off there came up to the North, alike through the pleasant summer air, and the fierce riot of winter storms, that long under-wail of agony and death. It rose above all the greed and din of marts where men were making new "haste to be rich"—above all the mirth with which the people held carousal during the nation's sweat and travail for life, a cry that smote with fear the heart of the hardest and most sordid of men, and pierced with terror through the vanities and ambitions of the weakest and most selfish of women; and all this time the awful cloud of fire and death moved slowly along its appointed path of four years, and in all our Northern homes the death-knell was rung of the bravest and dearest. It was one of those times of great perplexity and gloom, into whose dark cloud we passed so often—the Army of the Potomac had disappointed the fondest hopes of the people, and instead of returning home laureled heroes, amid the pomp and rejoicing of victory, lay wasting away the slow months, and their own souls together, among the marshes of Northern Virginia.

Mistake, mismanagement, and corruption were working their mischiefs in all our affairs, and it seemed worse than vain that the nation had poured out the treasure from its coffers, the best blood, from its veins, like rain.

Of course the disaffected, and all those who judge of a cause by its present and visible prosperity, had their day then. How they heaped contempt on the government, and on the man with the strong soul, and simple, child-like heart at its head—the man who bore the great burdens of his country through that long night of her grief and shame, and laid them down just as the day he had watched for so long came up in the east, filling all the earth with its new light. When every family in the land talked of the war, of course the Spencers came in for their share; and even Ella discussed military affairs and politics with as much fervor as though this was not "something a woman had no business to meddle with."

The elegant breakfast table used to witness some warm altercations betwixt the various members of the family. Rusha having no reliable support unless it was Tom, who, in every discussion, manifested a growing tendency towards his elder sister's view of the subject.

At the close of one of these discussions, which had been unusually animated and prolonged, all parties having taken some part in it, Ella said, pushing away her coffee cup—

"Well, now, come to the real point, Rusha, you are not fool enough to expect that the North ever can conquer the South?"

Rusha had arisen from the breakfast table, and leaning one arm on the mantel rested her head upon it. Her cheeks wore the bright bloom which any excitement always quickened in them; her brown eyes, their fine, strong fire; yet the voice which had trembled a moment before, was quiet enough now, as she answered, steadily—

"Yes, Ella, I am fool enough to believe that in my soul, just as firmly as I believe that yonder sun will set to night."

"Well, such infatuation surpasses my comprehension. I can only say it is amazing!" answered Ella, with emphatic solemnity.

"That is simply because you do not see the forces that are on our side!"

"What forces, I should like to know! I see great armies that can't, or won't, or don't fight, but lie down there on the banks of the Potomac inactive through whole seasons. I hear plenty of talk about the inexhaustible resources of the North, but you know well enough that our men have been beaten more than once in fair fight with the enemy."

"I freely concede it, Ella; more than once or twice. But that does not shake my faith."

"That's because it's of the same fanatic sort that's driven us into this war—faith in our forces, indeed!"

"Yes; in the invisible forces of Truth, and Right, and Justice—in the eternal God Himself, who rules among the armies of men."

"But how do you know He is on our side; the South think He's on theirs!" pursued Ella.

"Simply because He is the God He is, that's how I know."

Ella did not seem to find any reply to this remark, and after a moment Rusha exclaimed, with that quick, passionate transition of tone and manner which inhered in her temperament—

"It's got to be more than I can bear. I've half a mind to run away!"

"What's that now, Rusha?" asked her father.

"Pa," turning suddenly upon him, "would you like to hear the friend you loved best on earth held up constantly to ridicule, reproach, condemnation, every time his name was spoken?"

"Well, no; I can't say it would be especially agreeable," opening his paper.

"And I love my country better than any friend, better than my own life even. I'd go out now and lay that down gladly to help her in this bitter need, and it hurts and harrows my very soul to hear you talk as you do every day. I can't stand it any longer, and I won't."

"I suppose you mean by that that I shant have the liberty to express my opinions in my own house," said Mr. Spencer.

"No, pa, not that. The house is yours, and of course I can't bridle your tongue; but, as I said, I can't stand this sort of talk any longer. I can run off, for I'm of age."

"Where will you go to, sis?" laughed Guy.

"I'll go down to the hospitals and turn nurse. That will be the best thing I ever did in my life."

"Oh, my dear child!" said her mother, in an alarmed tone.

"Nonsense!" muttered her father. Yet he, in common with the rest of her family, had a feeling that it would not do to goad Rusha too far, else there was no knowing—she might make her threat good.

"What is the use of feeling everything you say, Rusha—of entering into it heart and soul, as you always do? Now, for my part, I can talk all day without getting excited; but the most abstract matter seems to you a thing of life and death."

"That's because she's a finer strong instrument than you, Ella."

"Oh dear!" a little nettled at this remark of Tom's. "Well, if this 'fine stringing' throws one into such qualms over a little breakfast-table discussion, I'm devoutly thankful I'm not so delicately tuned."

They all laughed at this speech; but Tom continued—

"Oh, Ella, you're bright and witty, and all that, but you can't see through a mill-stone!"

No great speech on the surface, but after all it would take a fathom line of thought to sound it.

On the very same day, as Rusha was returning home from a drive with her mother and Ella, she suddenly caught sight of Dr. Rochford and his sisters standing on the front steps, and evidently taking leave of a party of friends. Rusha was off the seat with her usual impetuosity.

"Do stop the carriage!" she cried out, to the amazement of both ladies. "There are the Rochfords. I would not fail to see them for the world."

"Ah, is that all!" exclaimed Ella, settling herself back resignedly among the luxurious cushions. "If you can possibly wait for the space of half a minute we shall be at home, and avoid the awkwardness of stopping right in the middle of the street."

Rusha was too much absorbed to care for the irony that lurked in her sister's tones.

The carriage had hardly drawn up at her own door before she bounded out of it and sprang across the street, stopping the Rochfords just as they were re-entering the house. The character of her reception afforded ample proof that the physician and his sisters shared Rusha's pleasure at this unexpected meeting.

Angeline Rochford's face, to whom the young girl's gaze went first, with a thrill of anxious and half awed interest, looked pale and thin, coming from its long service at the hospitals, but serene and happier than she had ever seen it before, Rusha thought.

They had entered the parlor now, all in a busy hum of chatter, when suddenly the thought of their last parting, and the old careless, happy life at Berry Plains swept over Rusha, with the thought, too, of all the shame and agony through which she had passed since that time. The swift rush of memories overcame her. She broke down in the midst of some allusion to that time, and, surprised and ashamed, found herself bursting into tears.

Of course the Rochfords were acquainted with Andrew's crime, and they understood at once the secret of Rusha's grief, but it was of too delicate a nature to allow of any sympathy, although each one would have given much to be allowed to offer it. In a moment she recovered herself.

"Do forgive me. It is very weak; but I was thinking of those beautiful days at Berry Plains, and how happy we all were; and—and what has happened since!" the husky voice,

the refilling eyes, showing the danger of going further.

"But I have always found," said the doctor, coming as near to her sorrow as he felt he had any right to do, "that enjoyment always failed with me of its highest purpose, if it did not make me stronger to endure."

She flashed up to him the sudden brightness of her smile.

"I know what that means. I have never forgotten what you said to me that day by the sea-shore, and afterwards it grew to have a new meaning to me."

Then she changed the theme from herself, and was full of an eager, panting curiosity about the hospitals, and the life there, which her friends were quite ready to indulge to any extent.

"I have thought of you sometimes with real envy," she said to Angeline, "and contrasted my own aimless, selfish life with your heroic, self-sacrificing one, until I have felt almost ready to die with shame. I have longed to join you in your work down there; I'm not very strong, but perhaps I could be of some use."

Angeline Rochford looked at the young, fair, delicate girl, and thought of the splendid and luxurious home where her life lay, and remembered the awful scenes amid which, as hospital nurse, she was daily called to pass—of work which taxed every resource of body and soul to the uttermost. She recalled the ghastly faces, the awful wounds, the writhing forms, the fierce shrieks. What could the dainty girl, sitting there in her costly wrappings of fur and velvet, do among scenes like these?

"Oh, child, you don't comprehend—you could never stand it!" she exclaimed.

"You don't know the spirit I am of, Miss Rochford;" and there flashed up something in Rusha's face as she said these words which made the doctor think that "she had the heroism in her—the heroism that would not fail though it were called to pass through the dreadful ordeal of the hospitals."

Afterwards they talked far into the day. Angeline Rochford had a world of new experiences to relate, and Rusha was never tired of listening and asking questions.

It appeared that she was only home on the briefest of visits. Business had summoned the doctor North, and he had insisted on his sister's accompanying him, feeling that her nerves needed a respite from the constant strain which was brought to bear on them, and he was meanwhile making the most of his

short visit by earnest appeals among his friends in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers.

"Oh, if pa could only hear you!" when this fact had somehow leaked out during the conversation. "If pa could only hear you, Dr. Rochford. He grows terribly excited when he gets started off on politics and the general management of the war; but for all that he has sympathy for the soldiers that I am sure you could reach, if you will come over and talk with him awhile this evening."

The doctor's engagements were numerous and pressing, but Rusha's earnestness prevailed, and she went away with his promise to give them half an hour that evening.

"Fletcher," said Sicily, after Rusha had disappeared, "her father's wealth isn't going to spoil that girl."

"I think not. This last sharp grief has wrought a great change in her. I see it in her face—I feel it in the tones of her voice even."

"Poor girl!" added Angeline, "how my heart did ache for her when she burst into those tears; and I understood what lay at the bottom of them. It must be a terrible thing to have a brother disgrace one," throwing a glance of fond pride in the direction of Fletcher.

"There are no griefs which strike down to the quick of one's love and pride like these family disgraces. It seems hard that our growth should be attained through these bitter trials. God help us all!" answered Dr. Rochford, thinking how our common humanity needed just that prayer.

He was faithful to his promise; and it happened that he met the whole Spencer family in his call that evening. Fletcher Rochford's soul was fired with one purpose during his visit home, and this was to rouse his countrymen into a sympathy which should take some form of practical benevolence for the wounded and dying soldiers in the Washington hospitals.

Possessing naturally rare graces of speech, the man's whole soul was now stirred into an eloquence and pathos which it seemed must move stones themselves as he depicted the harrowing and melting, the sublime and touching scenes through which he had so lately passed.

During that call he held every one of the Spencers spell-bound. Agnes, in her uncontrolled girlish emotion, leaned her head on her mother's shoulder and sobbed like a child as she listened to the heart-rending stories,

and each of her brothers coughed suspiciously behind their pocket-handkerchiefs.

Even Ella was lifted quite out of herself into the grand swell of new emotions of awe and pity; and John Spencer forgot the government and his grumbling, and felt something akin to the stern joy of sacrifice and heroism.

When the doctor ceased, Mrs. Spencer spoke with unusual decision—

"Father, you must do something for those men. What if it was one of our boys now!" and she thought of Andrew.

"Yes, pa," said the children's voices, one and all. "You must do something right off for those men."

John Spencer made no answer, but he went to the light, took out his pen and wrote a moment, then he handed Dr. Rochford a slip of paper.

"There is my check for a thousand dollars. Use it at your discretion."

This substantial tribute to the doctor's eloquence was the strongest possible proof of the power which it had exercised over John Spencer.

When the doctor was gone, Rusha walked over to her father, and put her soft cheek down on his hair—

"Oh, you are a dear good father!" she said, "the best father in all the world!"

"Yes, John, I must say that was noble in you," added her mother, "but I'm glad over every cent of it."

"So am I," subjoined Ella, forgetful for once of the dresses and jewels about which her thoughts and imaginations did so delight to flower.

Such sort of praise in the bosom of his own family was something quite new to John Spencer, and it must be confessed, very pleasant, and, added to the novel satisfaction he experienced in a really generous act, he was in an unusually affable mood for that evening.

Tom and Rusha, by some secret law of affinity, soon found themselves a little apart from the others.

"What a wonderful talker the doctor is!" exclaimed the former. "I never had anything fire me up so in my whole life."

"And when one thinks of that fair, sweet, delicate Angeline Rochford, passing her days among such awful scenes! And yet, Tom, I envied her the serene peace of her face—the face, it seemed to me, that had grown like an angel's."

Tom mused a moment without speaking. Then he looked up—

"Rusha, when one hears of a woman like that going out from her home, and sacrificing every ease and comfort of life, it puts a fellow like me to shame."

"It puts me to shame," added Rusha.

"Did you hear, too, about that young fellow that lost his arm? He was not so old as I, either,"

Suddenly she comprehended the drift of his remark. She caught him by the arm—

"Oh, Tom, you must not think of *that*! They want older and stronger men than you."

It was natural—so very natural that it should seem to her that he was the last one to go, and yet it must have seemed very much like this to every woman who gave her husband, her son, her brother to the war.

Tom did not answer, but stood there, with an unusually serious expression on his young face.

With a quick instinct that it was wisest to change the subject, Rusha said to him the first thing which entered her mind.

"So you think Dr. Rochford a wonderful man, do you?"

Tom roused himself.

"Yes; what do you think of him, Rusha?"

"Oh, a great many things, all of them good."

Tom looked at her with a little smile growing on his lip, where the beard was beginning to sprout.

"Do you remember, Rusha, what I said to you last summer at Saratoga, that I knew one man in the world whom you would like?"

"Yes, I do, Tom, and how the remark surprised me. You promised to tell me who that man was some time?"

"I should think you would be good enough Yankee to guess after this evening."

She did; the next moment he saw that by the sudden thrill of color in her face.

"What can have put that idea into your head, Tom?" she asked, with a laugh.

"Well, wasn't it true, now. Come, own up?"

Her answer went a long ways aside from the question, and was delivered with an oracular solemnity that was amusing.

"Tom, I have pretty much made up my mind that I shall never be married."

"Oh, that's because the right fellow hasn't come along. Girl's always talk so," with a slightly, unsympathetic bluntness.

"And I don't think he will be very likely to. Looking abroad in the world, I see the women who have the loftiest and finest ideals



of your sex, of manly noblenesses, and gentleness, and loyalty, find them where most beautiful things are found—in poems and stories.”

“But, after all, that isn’t an answer to my question!” pertinaciously returning to the first charge.

But he did not succeed in getting any more definite one from Rusha that night.

#### CHAPTER V.

Some weeks after Dr. Rochford’s brief visit to New York, Rusha and Ella Spencer attended a large party. The latter was, of course, in her element—dancing, playing, flirting with her various admirers, and always having a train of these after her wherever she moved. She was looking uncommonly well that evening, too. The excitement of a party always gave that peculiar sparkle and brilliancy to eyes and cheek, which brought out her beauty to the finest advantage.

With Rusha it was entirely different. She did not keep her best face for parties, indeed it was quite apt to wear there its dreariest, coldest look, and in consequence, Ella often passed for far the handsomer of the two sisters, which in reality she was not.

Something, made up of all the influences of the place, the music, the crowd, the flashing of lights, the hum of voices, the glare of splendor, grated harshly on Rusha’s mood that evening. That gloom, and dreariness, that general sinking of soul which she had so pathetically described to Tom, swept its cold tide over her now.

Wearied and disgusted with the frivolous chatter of a group of young gentlemen and ladies among which she had been thrown, Rusha managed to detach herself from her company and ensconce herself on an ottoman, where, with her face locked up in a strange stillness, and a little paler than usual, she looked out on the scene.

“What a miserable farce life was!” she said to herself. “Just as pitiable as the scene before her, where the faces were all masques, hiding heartaches, and breakings, and burnings underneath; hiding worse than that, petty ambitions, and small jealousies, and envies and hatreds.

“What did all these people make of life; what heroisms exalted, what purposes sanctified it, what outlooks did they ever take into that long eternity that was pressing them so close on every side, and that so surely as there was a God in heaven who could not lie, held such close and long relations with time. What

right had they to be in the world wasting their time on such miserable frivolities—what right had she, indeed, to be here, who was no better than they, only a mere discontented dreamer?

“After all, she didn’t see that she could make anything better out of life than these people whom she despised? What was the use of struggling against her fate? Perhaps the best thing was to get up and return to her party, and join in the pretty, shallow talk that really went no deeper than a parrot’s.”

Then she wished she knew some true, noble souls of men or women—that she could sit and listen to some stimulative, inspiring talk from warm, earnest, helpful natures. Then she thought of the Rochfords; of Angeline, with the hair tucked smoothly behind her ears, and that sweet, delicate face of hers underneath. It was probably bending over some sick man’s couch at that moment. She saw the long room with the ghastly lights, and the rows of hospital beds, just as Angeline Rochford had described them to her.

“And sometimes,” she had said, “they will lift up their heads and look at me, an indescribable look, as my dress brushes past, and murmur, ‘God bless you,’ and the words seem the sweetest I ever heard in my life.”

There was a strange little quiver about Rusha’s mouth as she remembered this. If anybody that she had soothed or helped would only look up in her face and say just those words!

Then again she thought of Andrew, and the old hot pain of that awful night when they first learned his crime, came back to her, making her wince with a sudden stricture about her heart. What was he doing that night, she wondered, in the strange, far-off wicked city to which his sin had driven him! Perhaps it was as well that she did not know.

The cloud, the lights, the press of her thoughts, gave her a sudden sense of suffocation. Leaning back, with a little gasp for breath, her eyes fell upon a painting opposite—a painting with some strong weird life and joy of freedom in it that appealed strangely to her mood just then, although at any time the fierce power of the whole scene must have thrilled her.

If was night, on a kind of wild barren plain, or moor. Overhead, great, desolate, wrathful clouds rushed to and fro. Over all the wide moor, with its matting of grayish green grass, there was a fierce riot of winds. What a strong joy there was in the spirit of the whole

picture, as the winds trampled and beat the grassy tresses of gray. On one side of the plain stood a solitary tree. The storm tore into it, clutching at the boughs, tearing away its handful of leaves in awful wrath. Just beyond was an emigrant wagon. The wind had caught up a single fold of the white canvas and fluttered it triumphantly in the air.

A woman, with a baby in her arms, looked out of one side of the wagon on the night, with a chill of terror in her face. On the other side sat a man trying to guide the horse in the teeth of the wind, his whole expression concentrated in one of grim resolution; evidently he was just that sort of stuff of which pioneers are made.

The sight of that picture was like a rush of strong, fresh breeze into Rusha's thought. It seemed to carry her out on the wild swell of its dark and stormy spirit—away from all the glare, and vanity, and hollow falseness of the scene around her into its own wild, riotous freedom. She envied the man and woman out there alone on the stormy moor, with no roof but that canvas one.

Her spirit panted for just that stormy life and freedom, and in the midst of it all Ella's laugh broke close at hand—Ella's light, pleasant laugh, with some feeling in it. Rusha could not determine just what.

A voice followed it—"Now really, Miss Spencer, will you refuse me so small a favor, when your doing so will spoil the evening's pleasure for me?"

"Oh dear! that miserable Derrick Howe again!" thought Rusha.

"Mr. Howe, you certainly have the most wonderful art of saying what you do not mean—one who did not know better might really think you were in earnest," answered Ella, with pretty coquetties of fan and bouquet.

"Think I was in earnest! Do you really suggest that I am otherwise?" asked the young man, as though his life depended upon Ella's opinion.

Again that light, pleasant giggle of laughter.

"Of course I do, Mr. Howe, else you might possibly induce me to break my word and grant your petition—it being one of my weaknesses never to know how to refuse people."

"What does that fool want of Ella?" thought Rusha, surprised and annoyed at the whole spirit of the interview, and feeling certain that if Ella knew who was sitting close behind her, speech and manner towards her companion would undergo a sudden transition.

"Then, Miss Spencer, let me make one appeal to that tender corner of your nature, and if you believe that I was ever in earnest—that I ever spoke a truthful word in my life, or that I hold my honor dearer than that life, believe me now."

Young ladies said that Derrick Howe had an "irresistible way" with him. Whatever power or graces he possessed, he brought them all to bear now in tone and glance.

Both evidently had an effect on Ella. There was more talk of this sort, more coquettish dallying with glove, and fan, and bouquet, and at last it transpired that all this sentimental nonsense turned upon a rose-bud which Derrick Howe had besought of Ella, and that young lady had refused to grant him.

But he gained his point at last. Ella's vanity and love of admiration were too strongly flattered not to yield in the end, those being the weaknesses of her sex, on which Derrick Howe had learned to play so skilfully. She reached over her bouquet to him, saying—

"I can't break my word, Mr. Howe, but if you take the flower, why of course you are responsible."

He selected the half-blossomed rose, and transferred it to the button-hole of his coat with an air that plainly said the flower was to him the most important thing in all the world. Then he drew a little nearer his companion, and dropped his tone slightly, with a kind of tender earnestness in it.

"Miss Spencer," he said, "I have been waiting for months for an opportunity which circumstances have not afforded me until now."

"An opportunity for what, Mr. Howe?" inquired the lady, with an interest that was not simulated this time.

"Simply to inquire whether I had been so unfortunate as to offend you inadvertently?"

"Oh no, certainly not," said Ella, with an emphasis which added fuel to several emotions that were battling in the soul of her sister at that time.

"And yet—pardon me—if it had proceeded from any other source, I should not probably have given it a second thought—but I cannot be deceived here. There has been for a long time some slight constraint in your manner, and it seemed to me a reluctance to accept any small attentions from me, though your kindness of heart might not allow you absolutely to decline them. I have, indeed, of late refrained from calling at your house lest my visits should be an intrusion."

Ella's fingers fluttered irresolutely among her flowers, the light of her diamond rings flashing and wavering along the motion.

"Oh, Ella, Ella, be careful!" murmured Rusha away down in her heart.

"Mr. Howe," said the soft voice at last, "I wish you would be content with my assurance that I am not offended with you, and for anything you may have observed in my conduct—I am not responsible for it."

"But—forgive me again, it is a matter of too much importance on my part to be let go so easily—what is this shadow that has come betwixt us—this something that stopped our friendly correspondence so suddenly, and that has been to me a subject of serious thought for more hours than you will be likely to suspect?"

Ella's fair face drooped irresolutely behind her fan.

"Do be frank with me now, Miss Spencer," pleaded Derrick Howe, in his most beguiling tones. "It is my right to know."

There was a little hesitancy. Ella evidently was seeking for the smoothest way in which to put a disagreeable fact. Rusha was on the very point of springing up and hurling the truth at him without any mollification, but the time and place held her back.

"Papa is a man of very strong and sometimes unreasonable prejudices—and—and—Mr. Howe, do excuse me from the rest," her embarrassment partly feigned, partly real, but certainly very pretty.

"I see," answered Derrick Howe. "I have incurred Mr. Spencer's dislike. Whatever may be his grounds for it, I trust they exist neither in my name nor my family," a little shade of pomposity in his manner, for these were Derrick Howe's strong or weak points, as they are apt to be with men or women whose capital in life is the wealth or the influence of their progenitors.

"Oh, the coxcomb!" thought Rusha. But he did not appear to strike her sister in this light.

"Oh, nothing of that sort, Mr. Howe! That, of course, in your case, would be quite impossible. But papa's prejudices are, as I said, as unreasonable as they are strong, and his family have no choice but to submit."

And Ella looked the submissive, and amiable, and oppressed daughter, to a degree that her sister, familiar with her imperious style at home, would hardly have conceived possible.

"Deeply as I regret the fact of Mr. Spencer's dislike, and absolutely certain as I am

that nothing in my own life or character can afford him the slightest ground for this, still, if I can once be assured that his daughter in no wise shares her father's feeling, the keenest pang of all will have been spared me."

"Oh, then you may be absolutely assured so far as that goes," voice, smile, and glance of Ella Spencer adding their threefold weight to this remark.

At that moment supper was announced. Derrick Howe gave his arm to Ella, and the two moved towards the dining-room, a handsome pair certainly.

The numb, dreary feeling which had held possession of Rusha a short time before, was succeeded now by some strong emotion, with a live nerve of pain smiting all through it.

Amazement, alarm, indignation, were forces about equally balanced in her thoughts. As for Derrick Howe, she did not give him credit for a particle of sincerity in the whole interview. She believed that he was merely testing his power over Ella Spencer, and that he would hug his self-love at this fresh proof of his influence over another young and fascinating woman.

But when it came to Ella, her emotion was a compound one. She believed here, too, that love of admiration had been the underlying motive of all Ella's pretty coquetties with Derrick Howe; still she could not have gone so far unless she had taken some especial interest in the gentleman. And here the pang smote swift and sharp, for Rusha, with her strong, clear, native truthfulness, could not help seeing that her sister had deceived her. She had most positively avowed to her an indifference towards Derrick Howe, which, unless she was a downright liar—you know Rusha was not of that sort of material that minces and smooths over the truth—she was far from feeling.

Flirtations, coquetties, all sorts of little arts, Rusha expected of Ella; indeed, as the world went, she was not disposed to be hard on her for these, thinking nobody would be very much harmed by them; but the whole sentiment of the conversation to which she had just listened implied a great deal on both sides that the words did not.

She was angered, too, for her father's sake. Not that John Spencer would have been unwilling that Derrick Howe should know just the place he occupied in that gentleman's opinion, but Ella had implied that her father was severe and tyrannical, and that she was under mortal restraint, which latter was as

far as possible from the truth. So jealousy for her father's honor added new fuel to the flame of Rusha's indignation—an indignation that was only biding its time to come down heavily on Ella's head, while beyond this, and deeper than Rusha was conscious at the time, the hurt went. For Ella had turned a new side to her sister that night. Rusha could never trust her as she had done. Hereafter there must lurk a doubt and a fear of Ella's truthfulness, whether of deed or word, in her sister's mind.

All these thoughts were at work within her as the crowds swept by towards the supper-room. She sat there—all the light and glow of her face quenched, a still face, wearing a pale, sort of locked-up look! What a contrast from the radiant gayety of Ella's at that moment.

A gentleman passing at the time, observed her; a married man, almost her father's age at that, and one of his business acquaintances.

Some gentleman had appropriated his wife for the supper, and seeing Rusha unattended, he paused, and offered her his arm. She took it mechanically, and strove to bring her thoughts back to the time and occasion, playing with some thrums and ends of thoughts in order to entertain her companion, a bald-headed, rubicund-faced man, a kindly soul enough, but of the hard, practical sort, just one to make Rusha's mood grimmer than ever.

The truth was, she was half desperate when she got amongst that buzzing crowd again, and listened to the common places which her cavalier dealt out to her with cream and cake. He was not particularly graceful in this new office, and managed to jostle her cup of coffee, so that a few drops fell on her dress, at which the poor man was evidently distressed.

"No matter," said Rusha, "there are darker stains here, and on finer stuff, too, to-night."

"To what do you allude, Miss Spencer, I have not seen them?" asked the rubicund-faced gentleman, glancing around on the company, with an expression compounded of blankness and amazement.

"They are on all our souls," answered Rusha, with a grim look about her mouth, "black and deep, and not all the perfumes of Araby can wash them out."

The stare of amazement and alarm with which her cavalier greeted this speech of Rusha's struck her so ludicrously that she laughed outright, a laugh keyed half to

amusement, half to bitterness, and in no wise calculated to lessen the gentleman's bewilderment.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, beginning to realize the impression she was creating. A hidden thought of mine slipped out then. I suppose we should all startle each other if we were to bring, at this moment, our secret feelings to the light."

The gentleman made some conventional reply. He evidently could not sound Rusha's thought, and she went on, seeking to redeem herself by talking of ordinary matters. That she didn't wholly succeed, was evident by the gentleman's remark a little later, to a friend of his, a gorgeously attired matron, who was sipping coffee, and chatting with his wife.

"Isn't that eldest daughter of Mr. Spencer's somewhat peculiar?"

"Well, it does strike me," answered the lady, conspicuous in old laces, "that I have heard she was rather peculiar, something of a blue-stocking, I believe."

"Ah, that explains it," exclaimed the gentleman, with a tone of satisfied conviction.

"What a shocking affair that matter of Andrew's was!" continued the lady, in a complacent undertone, the Spencers' name having struck a new key-note of gossip, "I never supposed they could bear up under it so well."

Poor Rusha, it was her fate to be misunderstood.

Some time after midnight the Spencers' carriage arrived, and Ella came to her sister in the dressing-room, all in a flutter.

"Who accompanies you home, to-night?"

Rusha mentioned the name of the gentleman who, a few moments ago, had "solicited that honor."

Had Ella been less preoccupied she would have observed that her sister's manner indicated "a storm brewing."

"Well, you just go on without me. I have agreed to drive home with some friends."

Ordinarily Rusha would not have given this intelligence a second thought, but her suspicions were alert now, and it struck her as Ella lightly vanished, that she had made a surreptitious engagement to drive home with Derrick Howe. Her convictions all pulsated with indignation at the thought.

"I will frustrate that plan, at any cost," she said, setting her teeth hard, and with her determination taken, on this point, she descended the stairs.



When she arrived at the carriage door, she declined entering it, saying to the gentleman who offered to assist her—

"Thank you. I shall wait here for my sister."

He wondered that she had not done so in the dressing-room, but begged her pardon, adding, "I supposed she was not to ride with us," and so they stood there on the pavement, chatting gayly for the next five minutes.

At last Ella, supposing that their own carriage had disappeared, and the way was clear, came out. Rusha was right. Derrick Howe was by her side. She sprang forward, and met the amazed couple on the lowest step.

"Ella," she said, quietly, laying her hand on her sister's arm, "we have been waiting for you. You had better return in our own carriage to-night."

Derrick Howe flattered himself on his thorough self-possession, but, for once, he was confounded.

Ella stood irresolute, too thoroughly taken aback to speak a word. Of course it would not do to desert the lady so.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Spencer, but your sister has allowed me the pleasure of accompanying her home," answered in its blandest tones the voice of Derrick Howe.

"Then I am compelled to tell you, Mr. Howe, that she did it at the risk of her father's displeasure, and that, with his knowledge, she would not have dared given you this promise. Come, Ella."

Derrick Howe was dumbfounded. There was not another woman in the world who would have presumed to defy him to his face in that fashion. He who fancied that the house and daughter of John Spencer ought to regard themselves as immensely honored by his attention; he, Derrick Howe, with his ancestry, and his family! What could he do; he could not knock down the fair, brave girl standing there. For once it was a losing game. As for Ella, she was so overwhelmed betwixt discovery and her sister's courage, that the imperious girl was, for once, utterly subdued.

Rusha, too, had an immense force on her side, for Derrick Howe was one of those matters on which even Ella dared not brave her father's anger.

"I think I had better return with my sister. Good-night, Mr. Howe," and she turned towards the carriage more crestfallen than Ella Spencer had ever been in her life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## M A R A H.

BY MYSTIC.

I was weary of toiling, toiling,  
I was weary of care and strife;  
And I said, in pitiful weakness,  
I am almost weary of life.

So I turned from the noisy city,  
With its murmur, and pomp, and din,  
From the bustle and jar around me,  
And the murmuring heart within.

And I wandered out where the daisies  
Looked smilingly up to the sky,  
And a brooklet down through the meadows,  
Went cheerily singing by.

The tiniest blades of the grasses  
Bowed low, as the whispering air  
Sent back to the chancel of nature  
Responses to anthem and prayer.

The fragrant breath of the pine-trees  
Touched forehead and cheek like a balm,  
And my heart threw open its windows  
To the light of an infinite calm.

From the green old lanes of the country,  
And the lullaby low of the brooks,  
From the lesson of nature's teaching,  
I turned to the world and my books.

But the restless, murmuring spirit  
That followed me close from the town,  
'Neath clover-blooms sweet, and the daisies,  
That day I laid peacefully down.

And my heart wrote over it humbly,  
Remembering weakness and pain,  
"In Pace," breathe softly oh, zephyrs,  
Tread light where my Marah is lain.

CONCEALMENTS IN LOVE.—It is inexpressibly important for those who would take life's pilgrimage together, so to speak and so to act that neither shall be an enigma to the other. Suspicion is the poisonous fruit of misapprehension; and countless fond hearts have been wounded—many severed—by the reservation, unnatural to a pure attachment, instilled by worldly advisers. There can be no greater bane to happiness than such advice, received and acted on; nothing more conducive to a real enjoyment of life than faith in the object beloved. And who among the good would not be frank? In proportion as we act rightly, so is there less incentive for concealment; and there is no solid ground for felicity apart from openness of word and deed.

## POOR HUMAN NATURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Try some of this Mocha, Mr. Jenkins," which she sat, and went on with her darning said my grocer, with one of those kindly interested smiles, which come so persuasively to

his face when he talks to you of the good things he has gathered from all parts of the world for the recreation and delight of his customers. "It's a prime lot, sir. Take home a couple of pounds and give it a trial."

Now, of all things, I luxuriate in a good cup of coffee, and the word Mocha had a pleasant sound for my ears. So I ordered a package and took it home.

"What have we here?" asked Mrs. Jenkins, as I threw the bundle into her lap, among the little stockings to which she was supplying sundry deficiencies in the way of heels and toes.

"Mocha," said I, with a dream of Oriental pleasure in my voice.

"Perhaps!" There was just enough of incredulity in the utterance of Mrs. Jenkins to annoy me. The "perhaps" of my wife, chilled the pleasant warmth of my feelings.

"We shall see to-morrow morning," was my lightly spoken answer.

"And we shall see, Mr. Jenkins." Still, the incredulity was in her voice.

"Burn it right, and make it right, my dear, and we shall have nectar fit for the gods."

"Oh, it's not burnt!" said Mrs. Jenkins, with just a little falling of the countenance.

"No, our grocer says the consumption of Mocha is not large enough to warrant his having it burnt. But this will be in our favor, you know. Let it be browned to a light chestnut color in the morning, and ground while it is hot. We shall then have the aroma in all its fragrant freshness."

"Browned to a light chestnut color!" Mrs. Jenkins smiled. "Burnt to the blackness of coal, more likely!"

"Oh, you wont trust that miserable apology of a cook with the work of browning my Arabian berry!"

"Who's to do it then? I shall have my hands full with the children."

"Can't you brown it to-night, my dear?" I said, with the pleasantness all gone out of my voice.

"Yes, I suppose so." And Mrs. Jenkins laid the package of Mocha on the table near to

of our children's stockings. This buying of unburnt coffee was something out of the common order of things in our household, and I saw that Mrs. Jenkins was annoyed. Little things, crossing our paths at untimely moments, often chafe us more than larger troubles.

I dropped the subject. Coffee, for the time, was an offence to me. If Mocha was to be a disturber of our home life, I would have none of it.

"I'll take that coffee back in the morning," said I, as we sat at the tea-table, "and get some burnt Java, which will do just as well. I didn't think about the trouble of burning."

"You'll do no such thing! Who said anything about the trouble of burning?"

The face of Mrs. Jenkins grew warm; and there was a quality in her usually pleasant voice that hurt my ears.

Now, reader, I might as well say it at once, that, however well-meaning towards each other Mrs. Jenkins and I may be—however lovingly bound to each other, if you will—we are not by any means perfect people; not models of self-control and self-denial such as we read about, occasionally, in books, but made of human flesh and blood, which is a very defective kind of material at best, and apt to get out of order. The law of bearing and forbearing was an essential one in our case, and but for its frequent rule, the probabilities would have favored a very unhappy kind of life.

As I have said, the face of Mrs. Jenkins grew warm, and her voice betrayed a quality of feeling that jarred on my ears. I had not meant my remark about taking back the coffee as a reproof, but as an acknowledgment of my thoughtlessness in adding anything to the burden of household care. Mrs. Jenkins had understood me differently, or, if not, my words had come with reproof to her state of mind.

"I thought it would be a trouble," said I, but did not mend matters by the remark.

"You must have a very poor opinion of your wife, then, that's all I have to say, Mr. Jenkins."

A look of injured innocence came into her face. What could I say or do? Unhappily, I am a man with but small ability to disguise my

feelings. If there is a shadow on my spirit, it is very apt to reveal itself in my face. I cannot smile and talk gayly with a pressure on my heart. An unmanly weakness, I know; but still, the fact exists, and I make a clean breast of it.

Silence was my refuge; there was safety therein, if not success—a hiding-place, if not a way of escape. So I finished my tea without another word.

I know, by what had passed, that our evening together, after the children were in bed, would be one of constrained intercourse. Experience had made me prescient. So I toned down my ruffled spirits as best I could, and prepared to be as agreeable to Mrs. Jenkins as was possible under the circumstances. I talked of things that had occurred in my business intercourse through the day, and read to her from the papers I had brought home, such bits of news as I thought would be interesting. It was uphill work, for the response to these amiable efforts on my part was but feeble at best. Mrs. Jenkins could not rise out of the state into which she had fallen.

Twenty times during the evening did I wish the two pounds of Mocha, out of which I was to have derived so much pleasure, at twice the distance of "Araby the blest." Upon what unimportant trifles hang the shadows or sunshine of our days.

Half an hour before bed-time, Mrs. Jenkins left the sitting-room and went down to the kitchen. I more than half guessed her errand. The odor of burnt coffee soon made conjecture a thing of certainty. When she returned, her face was slightly flushed, and wore a look of weariness. She made no reference to what she had been doing, and I was in too much doubt as to her real state of mind to venture a word about the Mocha, which I mentally consigned to the antipodes.

Next morning, as I took my place at the table and glanced across to where Mrs. Jenkins sat with the coffee-urn and cups and saucers before her, I saw that something had gone wrong.

"There's your Mocha," she said, in a dissatisfied tone, as she handed me a cup of coffee; "but I don't imagine you'll find it fit to drink."

Now, there had come to my nostrils, as I sat reading the morning newspaper, such a delicious aroma, as cook boiled too vigorously my fragrant berry, that expectancy sat waiting on the palate in a pleasant foretaste of delights. The remark of my wife was like a dash of cold water. I took the cup, and let my eyes fall

upon the contents. One glance sufficed. No rich brown received the light softly in its warm bosom, but instead, there was a dull reflection from a muddy drab surface. My countenance fell, for, in that moment, I felt the pang of a bitter disappointment. My mouth had been made up for something delicious, but I knew too well that one draught from the cup before me would scatter my vain anticipations to the wind.

"What's the matter with it?" I asked.

"Dear knows!" was the fretful answer.

I tasted the coffee, held the cup a little way from my lips, and then set it down again.

Mrs. Jenkins took up the cream-jug, and looked into it curiously. Then she rang the table-bell. Cook came in from the kitchen.

"Is this cream?" asked my wife.

"No, mum," answered our Irish help. "Sure and it's only milk."

"I told you to get half a pint of cream from the milkman, didn't I?"

"Faith, sure and ye did! And I niver remembered it at all! Och! and it's too bad, it is, mum!"

The sharp words that fell on the head of our disconcerted cook, didn't come at all musically from the lips of Mrs. Jenkins; they troubled my ears with an unpleasant sound. Cook deserved all she received; but Mrs. Jenkins was so much out of temper as to present a painful aspect.

"Never mind," said I, as cook beat a hasty retreat to her own domain. "Accidents will happen."

"I do mind, though," answered my wife, tears springing to her eyes. "After all my care and trouble, to have everything spoiled by her stupid neglect. All the coffee wants is good cream."

"It will do very well as it is," said I, soothingly, as I put my lips to the cup again.

"You needn't talk in that way, Mr. Jenkins." My wife threw the words at me across the table with no amiable impulse in her voice. "I know the coffee's not fit to drink."

Both words and manner chafed me. Silence is my usual answer to any hasty sentence in which Mrs. Jenkins may happen to indulge. So I let my eyes fall away from her face, and finished my breakfast without further remark on any subject.

"If there's to be all this trouble about a simple cup of coffee," said I, as I left the house without kissing Mrs. Jenkins, "I reckon something less than an age will pass before I venture another step in the way of improvement."

Now, this was ungenerous, and unjust into the bargain; but I was thrown from by balance as well as Mrs. Jenkins from hers.

I will not weary my readers with a particular narrative of all the disagreeable things that happened to me during that day, all traceable, directly or indirectly, to an unamiable state of mind, originating in the light cause to which I have referred. A good, but rather difficult, and sometimes unreasonable customer, was offended and lost, through my want of patient self-control; I did not bear myself towards my clerks with the considerate kindness to which they were entitled; I spoke with an uncalled-for harshness to a poor woman who came with a subscription paper at which I refused to look, and felt sorely rebuked at my unkindness as the memory of her pale, hurt, and disappointed face kept haunting me for hours afterwards; I—but enough of this. Self-adjustment had been lost, and I found it impossible to regain that equipoise of mind so essential to right conduct.

If my thought, as it did now and then, ran backward in search of the cause of all the trouble, and rested on the only one that presented itself, I felt a sense of shame at its insignificance. "A little disappointment about a cup of coffee!" And I tried to turn myself from myself, as I said the words, adding, "For shame, Mr. Jenkins!"

This impression of inadequacy as to the cause, instead of helping me out of the valley into which I had gone down, only made the shadows draw closer about me; and when I locked my store door, and took the way homeward at nightfall, I felt burdened in spirit almost to wretchedness. I was in no mood to meet my wife. We had parted coldly in the morning; and my state of mind had grown worse instead of better for the day's experiences. I dreaded to look in her face—to encounter her injured, sad, or rebuking countenance; to feel the embarrassment of that constrained intercourse in which the evening must be passed. With my hand on the door, I stood for some moments, really hesitating to enter—so painfully conscious was I of being in a state of mind wholly unfitted for meeting my wife and family. Then I turned the key, and went in. As my step sounded along the passage, I heard a pair of little feet start upon the landing above, and come fluttering, like bird wings, down the stairs. A cry of joy, a leap forward, and my darling little Jennie's arms were about my neck, and her warm kisses smothering on my lips. Just on the landing,

as I came up the stairs, with Jennie held tightly to my bosom, stood Mrs. Jenkins. I hardly dared venture a glance towards her face; but my eyes, as they turned upon it, met a look of tenderness. I held our sweet one's face towards her face—laid her cheek to her cheek—and, in the outgushing of my heart kissed with a kiss of love two pairs of lips at once.

And so, a sudden burst of sunshine threw the clouds apart, and they went rolling away towards far horizons, leaving the calm blue depths of heaven above our heads.

Why speak of the delicious cup of Mocha that wet my lips at supper time, or of the pleasure-sparking eyes of Mrs. Jenkins, as she enjoyed my enjoyment of the fragrant beverage? I am not writing to show that Mrs. Jenkins failed in wisely consideration on the day before, in not entering into my state of feeling about the coffee; nor to expose the annoyance she experienced at being a little put out of her regular routine of household duties; nor to exhibit, in contrast, the satisfactions that came to both of us, when she took cheerful thought as to her husband's wishes and pleasures. We are both human; both in hereditary evils and defects of character; both subject to states in which little unusual things are felt as annoyances, and against the sudden intrusions of which we are not at all times guarded. I can claim no superiority over her in this respect; and the incidents exposed, tell quite as much against me as they do against Mrs. Jenkins.

I think each of us gained a little in the right direction by the experiences through which an incident, trifling and unimportant in itself, opened the door for us to pass; and when the sun came back into our sky again, after a brief hiding of his countenance, it found us nearer together, and our hearts pervaded by a more loving and considerate spirit.

The homely and common things of life, have great influences over our mental conditions, and against their actions and re-actions we can never be too much on our guard. A look, a word, a tone of voice, the merest trifle, a straw in our way—each has, under certain circumstances, the power to shadow our spirits. Firmly we stand braced for the severer shocks of life, ready to meet them with heroism; and, even while thus standing we find ourselves troubled to the very centre of our lives by something of such mean significance, that the after thought of it brings a flush to our cheeks, and a sighing utterance to our lips, of the words—"Poor human nature!"



## ISAAC HAYNES.

After the city of Charleston had fallen into the hands of Lord Cornwallis, which event occurred May 12, 1780, his lordship issued a proclamation, requesting the inhabitants to no longer take part in the contest, but to continue peaceably at their homes, and they should be most sacredly protected in person and property. This was accompanied by neutrality papers, which soon obtained the signatures of many thousands of the citizens of South Carolina, among whom was Colonel Haynes, who now supposed that he was entitled to peace and security for his family and fortune.

In a short time Cornwallis put a new construction on the instrument of neutrality, said it was a bond of allegiance to the king, and called on all who had signed it to take up arms against the colonists, and threatened to treat as deserters those who refused.

This fraudulent proceeding in Cornwallis excited the indignation of every honorable and honest man. Colonel Haynes was compelled, in violation of the most solemn compact, to take up arms. He resolved that the invaders of his native country were the proper persons for him to oppose.

He withdrew from the British, and was invested with a command in the Continental service; it was soon his fortune to be captured by the enemy and taken to Charleston. He was loaded with irons, by order of Lord Rawdon, and, after a mock trial, was sentenced to be hung.

His wife, who had for some time been in a feeble state of health, on hearing his fate, became dangerously sick, but he was not permitted to visit her. He wrote many cheering and comforting letters to her, in one of which he reminds her that all things are under the direction of the Great Disposer of events—that to those who humbly trust in His goodness and power all things will be made to conduce to their real and eternal well being—that the Lord regards our spiritual good in all things, and that what we may consider a great trouble may really be a great blessing to us, if we have right thoughts and feelings. But her health was too much impaired to withstand the shock which the idea of her husband's execution had inflicted; and her dying words were—

"He will soon meet me in the other world;

the Lord will take care of our children, and I die in peace."

The sentence of Haynes had excited horror and dismay in all classes of the community. A petition, headed by the British Governor Bull, and signed by a number of royalists, was presented in his behalf, but was totally disregarded. The ladies of Charleston, both Whigs and Tories, then united in a petition to Lord Rawdon, in which the most eloquent and moving language was used, praying that the valuable life of Colonel Haynes might be spared; but this also was treated with neglect.

It was next proposed that the children of Haynes should, in their mourning attire, plead for the life of their only surviving parent. On their knees, with clasped hands and weeping eyes, they begged Lord Rawdon to pardon their father; but he was inexorable; the innocence and sorrow of the children had no power to move him.

A son of Haynes, thirteen years of age, was permitted to visit his father in prison; he was very sad, but his father's conversation comforted and strengthened him. "Have I not often told you," said his father, "that we come into this world to prepare for a better? For that better world, my dear boy, your father is prepared. Instead of weeping, then, rejoice with me that I shall so soon regain my liberty. To-morrow I set out for immortality." And when the boy expressed a wish to die with him, he said—"No, live, my son, to honor God by a good life—live to serve your country—live to be useful to your little brother and sisters."

The son was injudiciously allowed to be present at his father's execution. The shock rendered him insane, and he died shortly after. Colonel Haynes manifested great resignation and composure, and requested his friends not to mourn for him.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

The attention of a little girl having been called to a rosebush, on whose topmost stem the oldest rose was fading, whilst below and around it three beautiful crimson buds were just unfolding their charms, she at once and artlessly exclaimed to her brother—"See, Willie, these buds have awaked in time to kiss their mother before she dies."

## THE SCHOOLS ON THE SEA ISLAND

BY MURRAY.

With no little interest the teachers on the Sea Islands look back on their first days of school teaching here. With eager enthusiasm for the race that claimed their care, with a determination to refute the slander that these children couldn't learn, with tender pity for the grave, little faces that seemed afraid to smile in the presence of a "buckra lady," with gratitude that some part had been found for them in the nation's great work, they began their labor.

They gathered the children in the rooms of the deserted houses, in the large cotton houses; some more favored than the rest found on or near the plantations "praise houses," some churches, where the rows of benches or lines of pews and glass windows made comfortable school-rooms.

But the first day in school was not always plain sailing. The room filled with children of all ages, from little babies in the arms, or on the backs of their elder sisters, to great boys and girls a head taller than their teacher, grown men and women, and even dim-sighted grandmothers. Each one, as they entered, made their way through the crowd up to the teacher, to make a curtesy and shake hands.

After an hour the teacher thought she had her school assembled, but no. Utterly without clocks, unaccustomed to prompt punctuality, without an idea that it was necessary for scholars to be together, they kept coming, one by one, the last one arriving half an hour before school closed, supposing she could "get her lesson" quite as well.

After sending away some children with a hint that more clothing than they wore was considered requisite for a scholar, the first attempt was to make a register.

"What is your name?" said the teacher to an old woman who sat first on the upper bench.

"Ya, missis."

"What did you say, aunty?"

"Whada, missis?"

"Did you say your name is Whady?" asked the bewildered teacher.

The keen sense of the ridiculous was roused in the others, who, amid much laughing, tried to help the teacher, by saying, "Whada! whada! him say, whada, missis."

(122)

The teacher prudently wrote "old woman," and proceeded. The next fortunately possessed the unmistakable name of John, but just as the teacher thought she was making rapid progress in learning their language, she was brought to a stand still by the name of Sylbee.

"Is that your whole name?" No answer. "How do you spell your name?" asked the teacher, in a moment of forgetfulness.

"Aint been a spell him," was the satisfactory answer; nor was the boy next her, better acquainted with his name, "Hackless."

After writing down three "Tyns" for as many stout boys, she inquired the surname of the last, and was answered by the inevitable, "Whada, missis?"

The attempt at explanation was almost fruitless, for if the language of the scholars was unintelligible patois to her, her ideas were too new to them to be understood in any language. At last, however, she arrived at the conclusion that all three Tyns are all three Jenkinsees, because their master was a Jenkins, but they bear no relation to each other.

The next scholar, an old woman, tells her that she has no second name.

"On'y Bess, dat all, old too much for t'urrer name in dis worl'."

After a few weeks have passed, however, when more confidence has been gained by the people, when second names have been asked for by the superintendents to write on the pay rolls, and by Northern ministers for the church records, the children will begin to come to their teachers with—

"Me name Rose. I tittle Mis' Green."

"Jenkins aint me tittle, only call so. I tittle Mr. Graham," and the teacher will discover that though forbidden by masters, suppressed through policy, and confused by the frequent separations of relations, still family names are almost universal. For that first day the names of the younger children who hid their faces behind their arms as soon as addressed, were left as untranslatable.

The next proceeding was the alphabet, taught generally from a large card, and though for a while shyness prevented anything but a whispered repetition of the letter, after a little practice each tried which could shout first and loudest, A, O, Z, after the teacher.

If there were any primers to be found in those early days, the teacher spent some time in teaching the smartest pupils to hold them right side up, and to turn the leaves over one by one.

"Now count a little for me." They proceeded fluently till five, the next few numbers were doubtfully stumbled over, and not even the brightest attempted to go beyond twelve.

The teacher intended to close with moral instruction conveyed in a conversational style, but soon lost the thread of her discourse by puzzling over the "shum," "deda," "aintee," and the other strange words of the answers.

Meanwhile, the women went in and out, brought in tin cups of water to pass around; the children did not understand why they should not run out when tired with sitting still, the beauty of order and silence were not apparent to their minds, and the efforts of the teacher to enforce obedience, were baffled by the well-meant help of the older women, who would deliberately walk over to a group of children, "knock" them all round and walk back to their seats, satisfied with having helped the teacher, and perhaps with a little secret triumph at having shown the "missis" how to "make dem chillen min' dere manners."

But the work grew easier and more pleasant every day. There were many little things to cheer and encourage a scholar who learnt the alphabet the first day; untidy dirty rags, exchanged for neat dresses, sent ready made from "Philadelphia," the city still beloved among the people for its generous gift of food in the early "tight times." There were clean pinafores on many of the children, the boys ran along homewards by the carriage, spelling their own and their comrades names, fathers at home learnt from their children the lessons of the day. These were evidences of gratitude from the little ones who stroked and kissed the teacher's dress when it came within reach, or the older ones who brought fowls and water-melons for "gib you," refusing pay.

After a while, system and order grew to be understood, but though anything like resistance were rare, and in most schools unknown, the frolicsome, riotous spirit of the children often broke bounds, and it was not easy to be very severe, especially when such cases occurred as the following.

A smart boy of thirteen is called up for striking a smaller one of ten, who sobs out his complaint. The culprit interferes. "Now, Missis, I been gwine tell you, I say to dis boy, my dear sir, 'cuse me for take de trouble for

write on ouner slate; den I take de slate and Renty da cuss me. What I for do? I hab to knock him."

"Renty cursed you," exclaims the teacher, "that was very wrong indeed."

"I ain't been a cuss him," sobs Renty. "Misses," interrupts the defendant, "he done call me secesh! Now I is a nigger, and I 'low for being called a nigger, but I 'low nobody for call me secesh."

One morning, the children flocking round the carriage on its way to school, discover piled up in it the long promised, eagerly expected slates. They dance round the carriage, laugh, shout, exclaim; the bigger boys exultingly carry the box of treasures into the school-house, and when at last one of the new books is placed in the hands of each child, the lower class, who had feared that they would not get any, waved theirs over their heads in triumph, on which the highest class, with a burst of enthusiasm, responded to the challenge with an irrepressible "hurrah," and the teachers felt more like joining in the happy disorder than repressing it.

Now that three years have passed, it is pleasant to see the marked improvement in school manners and attainments.

The orderly but happy children come into their comfortably fitted school-rooms in the confiscated buildings of Beaufort, or on the island plantations in praise houses fitted with desks, black-boards, cards and books. They are not yet dressed as Northern children; that is scarcely to be expected, for they come from hoeing in the field, gathering faggots in the woods, digging potatoes, breaking in corn, picking cotton. But patches instead of rags, comfortable dresses, instead of scanty shirts, tied up with a wisp of straw, clean aprons and stout shoes are in the ascendancy, and the younger children are not unfrequently decorated with the wild white roses of the hedges, or sprays of the yellow jessamine. Often too, the prettily arranged bouquets of violets from the woods, or oleanders from the deserted gardens, offered for the teacher's acceptance, show no little taste.

As soon as school is opened, they begin preparing for their classes with a happy eagerness.

Perhaps the arithmetic class recites first. The children can answer questions on all the tables, propose questions for each other to answer, count money, show slates full of sums, and will laugh heartily if reminded of the olden time of ignorance, when they unsuspectingly took the labels of peppermint and lavender

bottles for currency. They know now that New York does not mean the whole North; that there are larger cities than "town," as they call Charleston, once their ideal of all that was magnificent.

And if they still stay at home during an eclipse because "de sun and moon do fight," they have a pretty clear idea of the movements of the earth, and the causes of day and night.

Intelligent classes of boys and girls might now be gathered in Sunday-schools, able to read their Bibles with ease, and answer questions on the meaning of what they read.

Letter writing is their highest enjoyment. Not to deny that every letter begins with, "I take this opportunity to write you a few lines," and contains numberless errors, still most of them are legible, and some written by the first classes in the schools are remarkable for their nice writing, and their correct use of "it" and "her," instead of the once unvaried "him."

Few are the schools, whose teachers have not a justifiable pride in their singing.

"We're marching along,"

"The dear old flag,"

"The red, white and blue,"

"I want to be an angel,"

"The happy land,"

and many others, are sung well. And never, even in the times of old, when flags were blessed and consecrated, did any banner receive as true a blessing as the "old flag," when it stirred and rose in the South Carolina air, while the voices of the hundreds of children it had freed, sung under its folds:

"The star-spangled banner, long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

The parents are quick to see the use of schooling, the children prize their schooldays as other children prize holidays, and the saddest work any teacher has to do, and alas! all teachers have to do it, is to say to the eager applicants, "We have no room for you." Every argument that can be used to get admission, is resorted to; for days the children will come miles and linger round the school-houses, hoping to get in, and the parents from other parts of the islands, will ask mournfully:

"When the North gwine send school we side?"

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water the harder he is when he is taken out.

He who labors for mankind without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

## A WINTER LYRIC.

BY A. H. BENEDICT.

All the day long, the beautiful snow,  
'Scap'd from heaven, is flying below,  
Dancing, darting, swift, to and fro—  
The bright, ethereal snow!

Down o'er mountain, forest and fen,  
Decking paths, and dwellings of men,  
Driving monsters into their den—  
The peerless, virgin snow!

Crystal flakes, whose home is the sky,  
Why seek earth, to perish and die!—  
Back, ye sprites, to chambers on high,  
That will not stain the snow!

Born were we, like you, of the air—  
Angel-like, so pure, and so fair,  
Sin's dread realm we never would dare,  
Oh, light, adventurous snow!

Soon, alas, ye heralds of frost,  
We, dissolved, like you shall be lost,—  
Hither, thither, scattered and tossed,—  
Forgot, like vanished snow!

MERIDIAN, February 8, 1865.

## MY QUEEN FOR A DAY.

BY J. L. M'CREEERY.

Love thrilled the mother's eye and tone,  
At once she blushed and smiled,  
Glanced at the burden on her breast,  
And gently said, "Our child!"

Then I went dreaming all the night,  
And dreaming all the day,  
Till with the short and happy hours,  
Long years had passed away.

She grew, the sunlight of our home,  
As round our hearth she played;  
She was the comfort of my age,  
My queenly, dark-eyed maid!

Adown the sunset slope of life  
It was not sad to go,  
With one so noble and so fair  
To love and bless me so.

But trembling voices called me back—  
"The babe is sick," they said:  
Now I must dream no more—no more;  
My dark-eyed queen is dead!

Her love will never light my life;  
Yet, short as was her stay,  
She built a throne within our hearts,  
And there shall reign for aye.

Ah, who but those who know, could think  
That in a few short days,  
So small and frail a thing could learn  
So many winning ways?

Ah, who but those who know, can think  
What springs of joy and woe  
Are touched by angels on the wing,  
Who only come, and go!

## CASTLE CARELESS.

BY F. L. SARMIENTO.

"It is too bad! There's that dust-pan left down. I know you wouldn't do it, Aunt upon the stairs again. How often have I told Peggy."

Sarah about it, but she will never cease to leave it there, I suppose, until some one or "Yes I would, Frank; I'd do it in a minute," said Aunt Peggy, in all faith.

other breaks his or her neck over it!" and "Oh, no you wouldn't, aunty, or else you giving the dust-pan an angry thrust to one would have picked up that dust-pan just now, side with her foot, Aunt Peggy Wischam continued her way up stairs, grumbling as she instead of giving it a kick and leaving it for somebody else to stumble over."

went at the proverbial carelessness of the servants and children. Aunt Peggy's conscience smote her, for she felt the force of Frank's logic, and she intended

"For my part, I call this house Castle Careless," she soliloquized, "for scarce one in it but to go straightway and rectify her error, but Mrs. Sloan, her particular friend and gossip, leaves things lay around in the most reckless chancing to call just then, the dust-pan was manner. If one of the children takes off his again stumbled over, and again pushed aside, hat, down it goes for the next one to tramp all of which was duly noted by Master Frank. upon. I declare, I am sick of it, for it worries Aunt Peggy, as she was almost universally called by her friends, had, indeed, no easy

task, for she had to act a parent's part by four as she opened the door leading to the nursery little, motherless children. Her only brother, or children's play-room, "how often have I Abel Wischam, had married a young girl for told that boy that 'there should be a place for her beauty—a not unfrequent folly with mid-

everything, and everything in its place?' He dle-aged gentlemen like Mr. Wischam. has gone and left his marbles and tops scattered all over the floor, so that his little sisters may slip upon them, I suppose!"

Poor Aunt Peggy! she sighed dismally over the many useless words spoken in this vain attempt to bring order out of chaos, for she was a well-meaning and kind-hearted woman, though large and masculine in appearance, and, said the children, should have been called Aunt Goliah. As she now entered the room which had called forth her censure against Master Harry, she caught sight of his elder brother, who, probably knowing what was coming, sought to make his escape unseen by a hasty exit through a back door. But the movement was too late, and Frank, for so he was called, was pounced upon by the invincible lady, and commanded to pick up the scattered playthings immediately.

"I don't want to!" cried Frank. "And what's more, I won't, either!"

"Why, Frank! Do you speak that way to your aunt, who has taken such good care of you since your poor dear mamma died?" said Aunt Peggy, remonstratively.

"Well, I don't care!" continued Frank, who was really a good-hearted boy. "I children.

menn, I don't think it is fair to have to As soon as the tide of sorrow, which had pick up things that other people have thrown overwhelmed Mr. Wischam, had somewhat



lessened, he began to look around for some one to take, in a measure, a mother's interest in his poor little children, and could think of no one more likely to do so than his maiden sister, Peggy Wischam, who had always loved his children as she would have done her own. Aunt Peggy was, therefore, summoned, and in due time came, to find, as she had expected, everything in disorder, and, in fact, a household run riot. We have truly said, therefore, that Aunt Peggy had no easy task before her.

As Mrs. Sloan was fully conversant with all these facts, having heard them related little less than a hundred times by her friend, they were not dwelt upon on this occasion. The carelessness of the servants in this "Castle Careless," and the perfectly chaotic state in which articles of furniture and playthings were left by the children, proved sufficient topics for conversation to engross them for some time—until all of a sudden they were aroused to horror by a shrill scream.

"Och! it's me leg that's broken!" became audible amidst the noise of about one hundred and fifty pounds weight, bumping from step to step.

Aunt Peggy, followed closely by her friend, ran quickly out into the hall—where she discovered one of the Hibernian "help" sitting at the bottom of the stairs, nursing her foot, which appeared to be badly sprained, moaning piteously the while.

"Why, Jane!" exclaimed Aunt Peggy, "how on earth did you happen to fall?"

"Sure, marm, I fell over that dust-pan that Sarah always will be a-leavin' on the stairs," moaned Jane.

At the word "dust-pan" Aunt Peggy's countenance changed. "I intended to have put that dust-pan away, when I stumbled over it," she murmured. "If I had, this poor girl would not have hurt herself."

But her self-reproach was not to end here, for glancing up, she discovered her brother standing in the nursery door, holding his youngest child, her little Lilly, in his arms. A white handkerchief bound the child's head, and a large spot of blood upon it, spoke eloquently of another accident. With palpitating heart Aunt Peggy gained her brother's side, when she learned in hurried accents, that her little pet had, as she had feared, slipped upon one of the playthings left upon the floor, and striking her head against some sharp corner of the furniture, hurt herself severely. Indeed, little Lilly was still unconscious, and had it not been for the loud cries of her brother who

was in the room at the time (and which cries had summoned the servant and been the cause of her accident,) the little sufferer might have remained some time alone, and unattended.

"Well," exclaimed Aunt Peggy, as she "fussed around" for a restorative, which, as usual, could not be found when wanted, "well, this all comes from being so disorderly. Everything lies piled up on the floors, and it is only a wonder that some one or other don't break a neck every day. And as for speaking about it, I might as well save my breath! I am sure I'm all the time preaching about carelessness."

"Sister," said Mr. Wischam, somewhat sternly, "this is perhaps no time to ask questions, but as you know, I am not much at home, and so have few opportunities to judge through observation. I wish, therefore, to ask whether you practice as well as 'preach'?"

"Practice! Why, I am telling the children and servants continually, that 'there should be a place for everything and everything in its place,'" almost cried Aunt Peggy, so annoyed was she at her brother's implied censure.

"True! *should* be, but *is* there a place for everything?" pursued her brother. "And if there is, which I much doubt, and you see it out of place, do you yourself set the example of restoring it to its proper place? Had you done so," he continued, not waiting for an answer, "these accidents would have been avoided."

Aunt Peggy looked up in astonishment.

"Yes, avoided!" repeated Mr. Wischam, in answer to her look; "and how, I will relate. In the first moment of my anger I was about to chastise Frank for not having obeyed your order to pick up the toys and things which caused his sister's fall—for that you had given him the order I learned from himself. But I could not punish him when I learned that you had, by example, taught him to do precisely what I was about to chastise him for."

"If" almost screamed Aunt Peggy, thinking that her brother must certainly have become mad, to accuse her, the pattern of order, of setting an example of carelessness. Then the thought of that fatal dust-pan, kicked aside instead of being put away in its place, arose again to her remembrance, and she hung her head and murmured to herself, "It is too true! I have been to blame!"

"Yes, sister," returned her brother, who had caught the import if not the words, "Yes, you have been to blame inasmuch as you have failed yourself to set the example—for believe

me, she who who would have her house orderly must first set the example by her own actions."

This lesson Aunt Peggy never forgot, and often when her little pet, Lilly, was seated on her lap, still suffering from the effects of her fall, would Aunt Peggy think of it; and she profited by it too; for, as she expressed it—"from Castle Careless to Castle Dangerous is but a step."

Written on reading "the Visit of the Empress Eugénie to the Cholera Hospital in Paris."

"IMPERATRICE OF FRANCE."

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

Hail! to the land, where royal feet descend from stateliest throne,

To tread the courts where pestilence in horror reigns alone.

Hail! to the land, where beauty clothes in lineaments divine,

As pure a heart as ever bowed before religion's shrine;

Or blessed with heavenly charity, the Old World's wide expanse,

Then hail to thee! fair queen of all, Imperatrice of France.

I joy, that in a woman's form is shrined thy seraph soul,

I joy, that o'er a noble realm is felt thy blest control;

I joy that heaven has given to thee, all gracious gifts combined,

The gentle eyes, the queenly brow, the majesty of mind;

Thine is the sway of loveliness, that conquers in its glance,

Then may thy reign forever last, Imperatrice of France.

Around thee shine the glories of the Court of Charlemagne,

And in thy blue veins flows the blood, the noblest blood of Spain;

The ancient centuries of time their golden vellums bring

The records of thy famous land, since Clovis first was king,

But never did the "Lilies fair" o'er lovelier lady glance,

Than those that cluster on thy brow, Imperatrice of France.

The sunrise that first greets thy land, then travels on to mine,

So doth thy royal womanhood, on every woman shine;

Nor does the realm of "Sunny France" bound thy resistless sway.

Thy magnanimity of soul, all other hearts obey;

Thou reignest a queen in every breast, no need of spear or lance,

To bristle round thy throne, beloved, Imperatrice of France.

Oh! kings of earth, whose crowned heads oft tremble, when the jar

Of avalanching multitudes approaches from afar;

Did ye the golden sceptre hold, of righteousness and peace,

Your thrones would then securely rest, unholy war would cease,

No more around your palace walls, were wanted spear or lance,

Love were your warder then, as thine, Imperatrice of France.

Fear not, oh man! for angels tread the lofty halls of kings,

And o'er the stricken land they shed the healing from their wings;

When woman, in her might of love, lays royalty aside,

With all the gorgeousness of power, with all the pomp of pride,

When o'er the dying and the dead she bends with pitying glance,

Then, angels walk the world with thee, Imperatrice of France.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 4, 1865.

SUNSHINE FOR CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.—

Many a child goes astray, not because there is a want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it. If it displeases, they are prone to avoid it. If home is the place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother, then, try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy. Solomon's rod is a great institution, but there are cases not a few where a smile or a pleasant word will serve a better purpose, and be more agreeable to both parties.

Consider how few things are worthy of anger, and thou wilt wonder that any but fools should be wrathful.

They err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very meanly of this.

## OUR TONGUES.

BY AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

The rector swept the curtains out of the way, laid his book upon the window ledge, and by the red evening light continued to read.

"In the same way now that the existence of free beings follows naturally from the love of God, as the final cause of creation, so, on the other hand, the permission of moral evil is a mere result of that freedom in and through which these created beings have to run their appointed time. For this freedom, as considered with a reference to God and futurity, or to the immortality of the soul, is nothing else than the time of trial and the state of probation itself. But perhaps it will be asked, 'Why, then, does not God, by one nod of retributive justice, by one breath of His omnipotence, annihilate forever, as He so easily might, the whole company of evil and rebellious spirits, together with their leader, the prince of this world, and so purify the whole visible creation, and release external nature from their desolating influence?'"

"That is what I would like to know," spoke the rector's niece, standing in the doorway, her mantle trailing on the floor, and her hat pushed carelessly back, revealing a cloudy, dissatisfied face.

The reader, without noticing the interruption, went on—

"To this the answer is simple and at hand. Man is placed in this world on his trial, and for a struggle with evil, and this warfare is not yet ended. But by such an annihilation of evil the living development of nature would be precipitated in that course which God originally designed it to advance through, and cut short before the appointed time of final purification, when, according to His promise, He will, as Holy Writ expresses it, create new heavens and a new earth and make perfect the whole creation."

And the rector, quite disregarding the scores of fanciful book-markers manufactured for his use by the fair hands of his youthful parishioners, folded a leaf down to the next passage, closed his book, and wheeled around facing the new comer who had entered the room, tossed her hat carelessly upon one chair and thrown herself wearily into another.

"Schlegel doesn't half satisfy me, and

doesn't adequately answer his own question," she said, giving her own impressions. "He loves truth intensely—pursues it with passionate ardor—longs to possess it as the lover the maiden of his choice, but somehow he never perfectly assures me of his attainment. Ah, me! The fulfilment of that 'divine hope' of his of 'a profoundly new era, and of a spiritual life advancing in it towards the perfection of majesty and glory,' seems to me a long way off to-night. I can see nothing that foretokens the approach of such an era, and am confident that it will not come in our day and generation. The prospect is disheartening enough. Our warfare against 'the rebellious spirits is very weakly and imperfectly waged.' We do not 'struggle with evil'—we succumb to it. I believe I am growing a convert to the doctrine of Total Depravity and Original Sin. Have you selected your subject of discourse for next Sabbath, Uncle James?"

"Not yet."

"Preach from the text, 'And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity, an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.'"

Helena's listeners smiled at the earnestness and vehemence with which she pronounced the words.

"One would judge, Helena, that you had just the experience necessary to preach an effective sermon from that text," said her Cousin Gustave.

"And without a similar experience it would be quite impossible for another to treat the subject in a manner satisfactory to you," added the rector. "A truth must be self-presented to my mind, or I fail to mark the length and breadth and depth of it. I never can speak upon another's suggestion."

"Well, then, I declare to you," returned Helena, with the solemn earnestness of a witness upon oath, "that in order to have this truth fully presented to your mind, you have only to attend a social tea-party, the better, if you can, in the character of your sister or niece, as the tradition of sanctity pertaining to the ministerial person might possibly act as a check upon the free utterances of some of the assembly. If your presence doesn't interfere with the free movement of the machinery—if every tongue runs glibly without curb or

impediment, I dare affirm you will come away with the full ability to preach extempore from the text I have given you, aye, and *will* preach, though there be only the stumps and stones to hear you."

"And you think, on such slight grounds, I might conclude with you that the final perfection of creation is yet a dream of the infinite Creator's," queried the rector, smiling.

"Unless, I suspect you to hold with our brethren the Mussulmans, respecting the feminine portion of it," suggested Helena, "auntie looks at me reprovingly. She thinks I am illustrating the text. She guesses that a living example of the truth of it has come to visit you."

The rector glanced pleasantly across the room to the silver-haired, placid-faced little woman in the low rocking-chair, knitting industriously in the slow gathering twilight.

"She is only making calculation as to whether, if the feet of the parish poor continue to increase in size and number at the present alarming rate, she will be able to keep them supplied with hosiery," he said, regarding her affectionately. "The look of severity you observed in her countenance just now, was occasioned by a growing doubt of her capacity. What do you say, sister Sabrina?"

"That I borrow no trouble on the score of my inability to accomplish what is needful to be done, brother James, as I intend to press some of the thriftless hands about me into service when the labor becomes too much for me," returned the industrious lady. "I was wondering, Lena dear, what unpleasant circumstance could have transpired, or what topic of conversation could have been introduced during your visit this afternoon to have so embittered your speech."

"Nothing unusual, auntie, nothing I believe, but what commonly occurs where two or three are gathered together in the name of friendship and sociability, the conversation turning as on other such occasions, solely upon the affairs of our neighbors and acquaintances—their characters, purposes, prospects, domestic difficulties, and habits of living. Each member of the company had her little scrap of information to give in relation to these matters, and each seemed to strive to outdo the other in the importance of her communication. It is astonishing how little good can be said of people who are not present. I could not but regret that there were no more invited to tea with Mrs. Wilson to-day, so that peradventure, there might have been found ten righteous

souls in Sodom. As it was, the characters of all whose bodily presence didn't interfere with the operation, had to undergo the process of dissection, and hidden frailties of which the possessors, probably, do not suspect themselves, were triumphantly brought to light. The folly, weakness, and stupidity of this one; the rashness, recklessness, and extravagancy of this other; the greediness, parsimony, and absolute meanness of that one; the delicacy, improprieties, and positively bad behaviour of another; the evil-mindedness, false-heartedness, wrong-headedness, and underhandedness of yet another, were singly held up to view, universally conceded to be facts, and unanimously voted as things of which no person present would or could be guilty. Bits of scandal concerning people in high standing; scraps of family history that it appears could only have been learned through eaves-dropping; sundry interesting items respecting the private affairs of those who offend by keeping their own council, were retailed with infinite relish; individual peculiarities were made the subject of mirth and ridicule, many pleasing anecdotes in illustration thereof being related amid bursts of laughter that would have crimsoned the cheeks and sent a shiver of pain along the nerves of the unfortunate one whose infirmity

no true soul would ever make a matter of jest."

"All this is sad, very sad," said the good Sabrina, regretfully, but added immediately, out of the charity of her pure, tender heart, "I don't think any harm was intended, Lena. There's a great deal of thoughtless sinning in the world."

"I know there is, auntie; but it is a shame for grown-up men and women to plead in extenuation of their uncharitable speech and unneighborly action, 'I never thought.' Why *don't* they think? 'No harm intended?' Suppose the persons so freely remarked upon by Mrs. Wilson's company this afternoon had suddenly stood in our midst; do you think there was a face there that wouldn't have colored with shame, an eye that wouldn't have quailed; a head that wouldn't have drooped in guilty confusion? Do you suppose there was an individual present who would have worn the appearance of an honest, well-meaning, kindly disposed person, who made Christ's Golden Rule a guiding precept of life, and did truly love her neighbor as herself? Nay; but in the countenance of every one would have been written the instant wish—'Open earth, and swallow me,' and in the

manner of each, when the momentary embarrassment was past, would have appeared a painful obsequiousness and deference towards the slandered party—a perceptible desire to modify in some way the unhappy expression—a feeble attempt to undo the mischief by explaining that not this thing but that other thing was meant—and all, not from any compunction that uncharitable words had been spoken, but simply and only from regret that they had been overheard by ears for which they were not designed. ‘No harm intended,’ I tell you we do all intend harm, whether we are ready to acknowledge it or not—whether we are wholly conscious of it or not—when we speak of others as we would not be spoken of—when we say of another in his absence what we would not dare to say in his presence. Of all our vices, this abominable practice known by the homely but significant name of ‘backbiting,’ is, I think, the very worst. To meet our neighbor and acquaintance with the utmost cordiality and apparent good feeling; to go to his house with expressions of friendly regard and interest in his concerns; to partake of his hospitality, and to urge our own upon him in return; and then to turn about, and, to the next one met, decant upon his follies, ridicule his oddities, and impart all the little items that we have gathered respecting his affairs—this, I say, is not only most unkind, unchristianly, and a flagrant violation of the Golden Rule, but it is positively inhuman, absolutely devilish.”

Gustave elevated his eyebrows. “You use very violent language, young lady.”

“It is such as expresses my thought, honored critic.”

“But are you not doing now the very thing which you condemn so strongly?”

“What, dear sir?”

“Speaking of the frailties of your neighbors as you would not if they were present. Or am I to understand that you uncorked your indignation and poured out the vials of your wrath upon the congregation in this present fashion?”

“If I did not, it was because I feared such a proceeding might be productive of more harm than good. My worthy uncle here doesn’t incline to think that any very beneficial results ever flow from what he is pleased to term my gunpowder explosions, and I, as a natural consequence, have imbibed some of his doubts, and do try, on occasions, to keep this dangerous quality of mine somewhat in subjection. But I have included myself with those whom my present remarks condemn. I do frankly

confess that I am often guilty of the vice of evil speaking.”

“Ought you not to be more lenient, then, towards those who offend in like manner?”

“Not a whit, oh, excellent catechist! Shall I justify another in doing what I condemn in myself? Is a sin less abhorrent, and less to be censured, because I commit it? Nay, I do all the more loathe and reprobate it, feeling in myself what a monstrous evil it is.”

“I have been thinking,” here broke in the rector, whose thought seemed not to keep pace with his niece’s rapid speech, “I have been thinking how much more forcible is a good example than all preaching in this case. I can imagine how one gentle, loving, pure-souled woman might have introduced a new spirit into your company to-day; and by a few fitly-spoken words, as the occasion offered, turned the conversation into pure channels, and directed it towards worthy subjects.”

“Can you, indeed, my dear uncle?” Helena asked, skeptically—“can you imagine a linnnet, with a song in its mouth, lighting in the midst of a flock of carrion-eating crows, and the whole sooty company thereupon ceasing to utter their unearthly cries, and beginning to sing like linnnets?”

“I can at least imagine them charmed into silence by the sweetness of the linnnet’s song,” replied the rector.

“Nay, now I suppose in his own ears the crow’s voice is most musical and sweet, and he regards himself as an exceedingly astute and profoundly wise bird,” said Helena. “But tell me, I pray you,” she continued, more seriously, “what can one do towards purifying and elevating the conversation among those whose thoughts take hold of only the most trivial things of life—the mere outer husk, and false, frivolous appearance—and with whom the barest mention of anything of deeper import is met with a blank stare, a curl of the lip, or a suppressed giggle? This latter comes from the young fledgling—the gossip in embryo, whose thoughts as yet are divided between dress and ‘beaus,’ but who will finally develop into the active, vigorous news-monger and scandal-brewer, not so much, it is hoped, from a propensity to do evil as from sheer emptiness and lack of mental culture. Oh, for what good, I must continually ask, is all this reckless expenditure of breath? Who is profited—who is rendered happier thereby? Words—words! Do our organs of speech really require so much more vigorous exercise than other members of our bodies?”



Why, in the name of conscience, then, can they not be employed to some use? One would be glad to hear of an improved method for making apple-dumplings—a new receipt for pickling cabbage—how to banish flies and cure mosquito bites—something, anything but this everlasting tattle about persons."

"We are all curious studies to one another," said the rector, "and among people of limited mental resources the conversation is always more or less personal. Where nothing is said maliciously, nor with the intent to work mischief, there is no absolute wrong committed that I know of in discussing the characters and concerns of our neighbors, though it must be conceded there are other subjects of discourse quite as profitable, if people would only take the trouble to hunt them up. I know many well-meaning, kind-hearted persons who gossip and retail neighborhood news out of sheer ignorance of anything better to talk about. When people get together in a social manner, something must be said, and the affairs of those with whom all parties are acquainted form the only theme upon which they can con-

verse with mutual understanding. A little mental tillage would go a long way towards rectifying this fault."

"Don't forget to suggest the remedy when you point out the evil, which I hope you will do the next time your flock come together," Uncle James," persisted Helena. "Don't let this monstrous wickedness flourish any longer unrebuked. 'Cry aloud, spare not, lift up your voice like a trumpet to show this people their transgression.'"

"And if I do, I charge you not to look for any immediately good effects," replied the rector. "Preaching truths to this people I find very like pouring water into a sieve. Their capacity for receiving is infinite, but they have no faculty for holding. Come, Sister Sabrina, let us have lights. We will follow our philosopher somewhat farther in his struggle after truth. Ah, in that world of blessed certainty whither he is gone, his doubt is resolved, his struggle, it may be, ended; but for us the conflict still rages, and one thing only do we surely know—God reigns."

## LOVE-LIFE OF DR. KANE.\*

Every life-history has had its little romance. The human being probably never lived who passed through his earthly existence wholly untouched by the strange, sweet influences of the mysterious passion we call love.

It may have been a boyish fancy, building upon the airiest nothingness, impossible fancies of future bliss, or the deep, slumberous passion of later life, reaching the foundations of natures not lightly shaken or disturbed—it may have been only a dream, with nothing ever tangible to cling to, but it has had its enduring influence.

These strong under-currents, coexistent with life itself sometimes, may never have betrayed themselves to the great world, never have risen to the surface, breaking in sparkles and ripples over the outward life, beautifying the existence in the eyes of all beholders; but they may have held their sway, nevertheless.

\*The Love-Life of Dr. Kane; containing the Correspondence, and a History of the Acquaintance, Engagement, and Secret Marriage between Elisha K. Kane and Margaret Fox, with facsimiles of letters, and her Portrait. New York: *Charleton*, Publisher, 413 Broadway. 1866.

far down in the heart, bearing the soul along with an influence momentarily irresistible.

There are beings whom we meet almost daily in life, seemingly withered and shrunken away from all generous impulses and emotions, their hearts, to outward appearance, shrivelled within them like a last year's nut in its shell—and we sometimes wonder if these are natures in which were never planted those sweet springs of life and love which have brought so much happiness to mankind; or, if the fountains were so far down that the angel never descended to trouble the waters, causing them to flow out with kindly impulses and healing virtue to the world, and so they lay stagnant, and gradually wasted away in darkness. Have we not often misjudged such natures? Scarcely one of them, I venture to say, but has had its history. In the memory of each there dwells a sweet remembrance, or a troubled dream of some long past experience, some untoward fate which choked up the spring in its purity, or like a strong fire lapped up the cooling waters, and left a dry and arid desert in its stead.

The busy, prying world, with all its know-

ledge and boasting, reads but the merest surface of human life. It looks very wise in its own conceit, and shakes its head with sage decisions, pronounces judgment upon outward actions, analyzes motives and predicts results with surprising sagacity, and when the whole affair is arranged logically, and to its complete satisfaction, some sudden, unaccountable, unlooked-for, undesired development takes place, and it stands aghast, holding up its hands in amazement, its wisdom confounded, its plans annihilated at a stroke.

Truly, in a worldly as well as a spiritual sense, God alone looketh upon the heart. Its "sphinx-like inconsistency" is plain to His knowledge alone. The secret springs, the motive power, what necessity goaded to action, what causes led to strange results—"we know not—Heaven can tell."

One of these strange undercurrents of existence of which the world has been in comparative ignorance hitherto, has lately come partially to the light in a work published in New York, entitled, "The Love-Life of Dr. Kane.

The character and history of this adventurous young man are well known to the American people through his numerous biographies, and his own diary of his researches in the frozen regions of the North. Those who have learned from such sources of his impetuosity, his zeal, of the earnestness with which he threw his whole soul into his undertakings, may well imagine the ardor with which he would lavish his affection upon an earthly idol.

It has been said that the "wisest of men are foolish in love," and certainly, from what we learn of the person who was fortunate enough to receive the devotions of the gallant man whose brilliant career has few parallels in our country, we cannot think that she was the equal of her lover in any respect; but still, it matters not whether she was worthy of his rich affection, whether she had those qualities of mind and heart which fitted her to appreciate the wealth of love poured at her feet, we cannot but admire the earnestness of his devotion, though we may regret that his manliness should have failed him in its prosecution.

The manner in which he became acquainted with the lady is thus related by the biographer:—

"Late in the autumn of 1852, Mrs. Fox and her daughter Margaret were occupying rooms at Webb's Union Hotel, in Arch Street, Philadelphia, for the purpose of giving receptions

to those who wished to investigate the phenomena of what was called 'Spiritual Manifestations.' Some years had elapsed since this marvel had originated in the famous 'Rochester knockings,' in the family of Mr. Fox. Public attention had been drawn to the strange occurrences which were reported in the newspapers; committees of inquiry had visited the house of Mr. Fox, and had conversed and tried experiments with the little girls in whose presence the sounds were heard. No one could penetrate the acknowledged mystery; although, when exhibitions were given in New York, many gentlemen distinguished for scientific attainments had examined the matter repeatedly. The attention drawn to it spread rapidly throughout the United States and throughout the world. Invitations to visit the principal cities poured upon the family, sometimes half-a-dozen telegraphic despatches being received in a day. In compliance with these urgent and importunate requests to allow the curious an opportunity of investigation, the mother of the youthful but already celebrated 'mediums' determined to make a short sojourn in Philadelphia and Washington before taking up her residence in New York." \* \* \* \*

"The most prominent and fashionable people of the city came to hear the mysterious 'knockings,' and to have their questions answered. Clergymen and doctors, scientific and literary persons, the lovely and the learned, the sentimental and the stern, were daily in attendance; and yet the wonder grew.

"One morning, about ten o'clock, Dr. E. K. Kane entered the magnificent 'bridal parlors' which were appropriated to the spiritual sittings. It was his first visit; and, seeing a very young lady sitting by the window with a book in her hand, he imagined that he had knocked at the wrong door. 'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, in a low voice to Mrs. Fox, 'I have made some mistake; can you direct me to the rooms where the "spiritual manifestations" are shown?'

"The lady informed him he was not mistaken, and invited him to take a seat at the table, to which the youthful medium was presently summoned.

"The doctor paid little attention, however, to the spirits. He entered into conversation with Mrs. Fox, now and then glancing at Margaret, who still held the book of French exercises she had been studying, and by stealth read the lesson whenever the conversation permitted. She was intent on her studies, and little dreamed that the gentleman she now

saw for the first time would exercise such an influence over her future destinies.

"Dr. Kane afterwards said repeatedly that his determination was formed on this first interview to make Margaret his wife. Little as she suspected his feelings, he loved her at first sight. Her beauty was of that delicate kind which grows on the heart, rather than captivates the sense at a glance; she possessed in a high degree that retiring modesty which shuns rather than seeks admiration. The position in which she was placed imposed on her unusual reserve and self-control, and an ordinary observer might not have seen in her ought to make a sudden impression. But there was more than beauty in the charm about her discerned by the penetrating eyes of her new acquaintance." \* \* \* \* \*

"When Dr. Kane had left the rooms on the occasion just mentioned, Miss Fox expressed herself pleased with his manners and conversation. The next day he came again. This time he took little or no heed of the spirits, but addressed his conversation to the young lady, and spoke seriously to her of the course she was pursuing. 'This is no life for you, my child,' he said, plainly. He pointed out the dangers of living so continually in the public eye, especially to one so young. 'You ought to go to school and remain there some years, till your education is completed,' he continued. His words found an echo in Margaret's own wishes, and she listened to him with still increasing respect and attention. She had, in fact, no pleasure in her professional life, and could not but perceive that she was regarded by many with distrust, and that others openly charged her with deception, supposing that she had some occult machinery for making the raps, and for answering the queries of the deluded. Poor girl! with her simplicity, ingenuousness, and timidity, she could not, had she been so inclined, have practised the slightest deception with any chance of success.

"Dr. Kane became a daily visitor, and sometimes came twice or thrice a day; introducing many of his friends and relatives to the wonderful rappings—much as in his heart he disliked them—for the opportunity they afforded him of seeing and talking with the fair young priestess of those mysteries. One day, when there was a 'circle,' he wrote on a slip of paper and handed to her the question—'Were you ever in love?'

"The young lady blushed, and wrote her reply, playfully bidding him 'ask the spirits.'"

After this followed various attentions, both in Philadelphia and Washington, handsome presents and affectionate letters. At length, after some months, a consciousness that the girl, who was but a child now, would never develop into the nobility of character which he would desire in a wife, he writes her as follows:—

"You say, 'that you do not understand me'—'I am a riddle'—'an enigma,' and all that nonsense. Dear Maggie, you understand me very well. You know that I am a poor, weak, easily deceived man, and you think that you are an astute, hardly seen-through woman, managing me as you please. Now tell me the truth—don't you?

"If you do, you are half right and half wrong. I am a man rather of facts and stern purposes, than of woman thoughts and dreamy indolence. My life is only commencing, as far as regards the weary road ahead of me, and, if Providence prolongs it, I will leave after me a name and a success.

"But with all this, I am a weak man and a fool; weak, that I should be caught in the midst of my graw purposes by the gilded dust of a butterfly's wing; and a fool, because, while thus caught, I smear my fingers with the perishable color.

"Maggie, dear, you have many traits which lift you above your calling. You are refined and lovable; and, with a different education, would have been innocent and artless; but you are not worthy of a permanent regard from me. You could never lift yourself up to my thoughts and my objects; I could never bring myself down to yours. This is speaking very plainly to my dear confiding little friend Maggie Fox, who sometimes thinks she loves me more than a friend. But Maggie, darling, don't care for me any more. I love you too well to wish it, and you know now that I really am sold to different destinies; for just as you have your wearisome round of daily money-making, I have my own sad vanities to pursue. I am as devoted to my calling as you, poor child, can be to yours. Remember then, as a sort of dream, that Doctor Kane of the Arctic Seas loved Maggie Fox of the Spirit Rappings." \* \* \* \* \*

"It is Sunday, and I am just back from a large dinner party. To-morrow, if I am well enough, I lecture, and I fear will have to stay throughout the week in this miserable, rainy town of Boston.

"Rain—rain—rain! When it rains the lovers in heaven are quarrelling. I expect

they quarrel forever in the Boston paradise. Did ever Christian man see such an incessant leaking from the skies?

"Maggie, if I had my way with you, I would send you to school and learn you to live your life over again. You should forget the r—pp—gs (I never mention the name now), and come out like gold purified from the furnace; a pure, simple-hearted trusting girl. Once that, Maggie, and you would love me; not the sort of half affected milk and water love which you now profess, but a genuine, confiding affection. Your eyes would be opened and you would see me as I am. Seeing me as I am, you would have to love me.

"Now to you I am nothing but a cute, cunning dissembler; a sort of smart gentleman hypocrite, never really sincere, and merely amusing himself with a pretty face. This is because you view me with the suspicious, distrustful eyes which your short intercourse with the world—*your world*—has forced upon you. You flatter yourself that this is *penetration*, and that you can read motives and character.

"Poor girl! Take care that you do not lose the only friend you ever had in your life; for until you look deeper you will never love me; and unless you love me I will soon cease to love you.

"Do, dear Maggie, learn that my "acuteness" is only the result of the life which in my station I am forced to lead. That it covers a warm, manly heart, that I can never say to you an untrue word. That in trouble I would be your refuge, in joy your sympathizer; that I do this unselfishly, looking only to your happiness, and never thinking of anything which could lessen you in your eyes or me in my own.

"Learn to believe all this, and think what you will fling away if you do not love me. Believe me, Maggie, I can tell when it is present, and you know that you do not love me. I rather like you for this, because if you were entirely artful and selfish you would pretend to love me for the sake of your own interests. I am glad that you don't pretend, but until you look upon me with trust and brotherly confidence you can never love me. You will have to do this soon, Maggie; for some morning you will wake up and find your friend is forever lost to you. I do these things in a very queer way. Some day or other I will say to myself, "Am I not injuring my dignity by thus throwing away upon a person in a walk of life different from my own, feelings which she can never understand and of which she is

not worthy!" This question I will answer for myself, and if the answer be against you, Maggie, you will see me no more.

"Excuse this cruel way of writing; but it is better that you should understand me. If I did not so love that dark-eyed little Maggie of mine, I would not write to her thus. That Maggie Fox must see me in my true character or she will never see me. Do then, dear, dear, dear darling, give me your whole heart and soul! You may have mine in return; and once convinced that you are really mine in love, there will be no end to my confidence and affection! I am very sick, Maggie, but I hope not cross. Don't be hurt at what I say, but write to me by every mail. I cannot leave Boston for a week or more.

"God bless you!" \* \* \* \* \*

"Who am I? Answer that question first. Ponder over it, and see what are my prospects as regards worldly wealth, intellectual character, public estimation, and family name. That, dear, dear little Maggie, ask yourself. What are to be my destinies: and talking to you in the pure simplicity of confidence, I will answer that question myself.

"First, I am better, nobler in moral tone than I have seemed to you. My conscience urges me to a crusade of rescue for our lost men, now wandering in an icy wilderness; and for it and them I am about to sacrifice the thousand dear things of life, home, luxury, and love.

"After spending from my private means, that which to you would be a fortune, I am about to spend the treasured years of a lifetime, perhaps life itself.

"This, dear Maggie, speaking to you plainly, is your friend. Born in circles of pleasure, and sought wherever he chose to seek, he one day, to pass an idle hour, called upon a something which he had heard of, in half sneering parlance, as the "spiritual rappings."

"There he saw a little Priestess, cunning in the mysteries of her temple, and weak in every thing but the power with which she played her part. A sentiment almost of pity stole over his worldly heart as he saw through the disguise. Don't be angry, dear, dear Maggie! "Can it be that one so young, so beautiful, so passionate, and yet so kind-hearted, can be destined for such a life?" These were his thoughts.

"Thereupon he went to work and did all that true kindness could do to get her confidence. Never, in the many hours that followed, did he leave a wish of hers ungratified;

or say or think an unkindly word. His sad destinies in behalf of humanity forbid him to dwell in the regions of love—and then like a fool he went on *loving*.

"Why was this, dear little Maggie? It was because you had, knowing all the circumstances, said and written 'love on!' and therefore, dear darling, I forgot my high calling and let myself *down to love*."

"And now why all this nonsense?" I think I hear you say. "Why, I knew all this before."

"Maggie, I've an object in writing. Read on."

"The fool so far forgot himself as actually to care for you. When absent he dreamt of you, and recalled the dear hours of pleasure which he had lost. There was nothing that he would not have done; and in spite of his public duties and the adulation of the world, his thoughts constantly reverted to the out of the way little corner of one Maggie Fox. At the very dinner table of the President he thought of her. Wonderful to relate, he even banished —. You never comprehended him, Maggie; you held him too cheaply."

"One day he was thinking it all over. He felt her warm kisses on his lips, her long hair sweeping his cheeks. There was nothing at that moment that he would not have done for her. He would raise her above her calling, even to his own level; he would cultivate her mind, give her a competence; her sister should be his care. Maggie, there is nothing that he would not have done. \* \* \* \* \*. When for the first time came the thought, what am I about to do for this woman? Does she love me enough to make it right that I should sacrifice so much for her? Not the *money*—for she is beyond money in my eyes—but the *love*; does she love me as I should be loved?"

"Then I thought it all over, dear Maggie, all the little evidences (you know how *cute* I am) of affection. I saw that you loved me, but not enough. Dear child, it was not in your nature. You would give me everything when near me, but forget me when away. So I made up my mind, and in a moment you became my friend."

"Don't be hurt or angry, dear, sweet Maggie, for you have by this time learned to know me. Our intercourse will be as a dream, coming back to you in the quiet reveries of life's summer time, when I am buried in the *Polar snows*."

"Strange are the mysteries of the heart; and now that it is too late, you will love me as before you did not. You will never be able to

recall any thing about me little, or mean, or selfish; and you will have upon you, like a momentary nightmare, the sad conviction of what you have lost."

"Don't think, Maggie darling, that I am blaming you, or that I am suspicious, or cross, or peevish; I never said an unkind thing to you in my life. I only tell you in manly straightforwardness that which your own heart acknowledges, 'that you had not the depth of affection to be worthy of me.'"

"Change is a principle of our nature ordained by a law of God, and impressed upon every living thing. The humble lowliness of the budding plant expands into the painted glories of the flower, and the oak of the spring-time is not the oak of winter. We all change, dear Maggie, and *novelty* is the mother of one half of our blessings. Do not think that I blame you for obeying an instinct of your nature."

"Your letter, the only letter up to Tuesday the 16th, makes me write to you thus."

"Now hear my conclusion. Put your little hand upon your heart, and say—'He places confidence in me and tells me the actual truth; shall I reward his candor by deception?' And then sit down at once, dear Maggie, and write to me, and I will believe you. If it be that you really in your deepest centre care for me, say so; if it be the feeling of a friend only, say so; and in the one case I will see you again; in the other, never."

But notwithstanding these earnest thoughts of sober moments, the infatuation seems to have held its sway. He still continued to write to her, to visit her, to urge her to give up the life she was leading, and to fit herself to occupy the station in society to which he intended to raise her.

"Depend upon it, Maggie, no right-minded gentleman—whether he be believer or skeptic—can regard your present life with approval. Let this, dear sweet, make you think over the offer of the one friend who would stretch out an arm to save you. Think wisely, dear darling, ere it be too late."

"In a few weeks I will be away from you."

"Thick-ribbed ice, sterner than warrior's steel," will separate me from you. Never again will you have an unselfish, honorable friend, whose heart pulsates in unison with your own, whose thoughts are devoted to your welfare."

"Maggie, you cannot tell the sadness that comes over me when I think of you. What will become of you? you the one being that I



regard even before myself! *Circumstance*, that tyrant of human destinies, forbids our marriage, except by a sacrifice of all that makes *worldly* life desirable; and to the gratification of our love we have the opposition of society, of education, and of conscience. Yet I tremble at the idea of bidding you good-by for ever. The very thought of never returning fills me with indescribable awe and melancholy. Yet I feel that I ought never to see you again. Your love should die away with absence; and our continual meetings only add fuel to the flame. Do write to me, Maggie, and tell me what your own heart tells you is best.

"If you really can make up your mind to abjure the spirits, to study and improve your mental and moral nature, it may be that a career of brightness will be open to you; and upon this chance, slender as it is, I offer, like a true friend, to guard and educate you. But, Mag, shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon the execution of your good resolves; and I sometimes doubt whether you have the firmness of mind to carry them through."

One would think such considerations as these would need little urging to lead to the relinquishment of such a life as the lady was then pursuing. But weak-minded and purposeless, restrained by interested relatives to whom her "manifestations" were a source of gain, she does not seem to have regarded favorably his requests, for, after an interval of months, we find him again appealing to her:—

"Oh, Maggie, are you never tired of this weary, weary sameness of continual deceit? Are you thus to spend your days, doomed never to rise to better things?"

And again:—

"I can see that this is one of the turning points of your life, and upon your own energy and decision now depend the success and happiness of your future career. Dear Maggie, think it over well, and do not be turned aside from what is right by the sincere but still misguided advice of others.

"I know, dear pet, that the life has its attractions. There is a real enjoyment in the excitement of watching and working for the conversion of the skeptical. Do not think, then, that poor 'Ly' blames you for this natural fondness for the *ingrown* habits of six years. But remember, Maggie, that all this will not last. It is "*fun*" now, but what will it be six years hence! What will it be when, looking back upon *twelve* misspent and dreary years, you feel that there have been no acts

really acceptable to your Maker, and that, for the years ahead, all will be sorrow, sameness, and disgust! Dear, sweet Maggie, think it over well.

"There is but one *life* in this world—that of *self approval*. There is but one happiness—that of loving and being loved. Where will you meet either of these, living as you now live?"

At length, after much persuasion, she was induced to yield to his wishes, and just before the doctor left on his Arctic voyage, he saw her safely domiciled in the house of a relative, and under careful instruction, and then he wrote her:—

"And now, dear Maggie, my own dear Maggie, live a life of purity and goodness. Consecrate it to me. Wear no garb upon which even the breath of an angel could leave a stain. Thus live, dear Maggie, until God brings me back to you; and then, meeting my eye with the proud consciousness of virtue, we will resign ourselves to a passion sanctified by love and marriage. 'Golden fields shall spread before us their summer harvest—silver lakes mirror your very breath. Let us live for each other.'"

At various times he gives her most excellent advice. Concerning school matters, he says:

"If you ask me to name the first branch in importance, let it be a good English foundation. Your own language, and the history and literature of the two great countries speaking it. Next, music; especially that voice of yours; and lastly, languages not so near home.

"Exercise at least three hours a day in the open air—wet or dry, rain or shine. Don't spare me with the shoemaking fraternity. Fun I regard as an essential element. Don't mope like a sickly cat. Why, Mag, I don't want to make a school-girl puppet—a strait-laced artificial automaton of you;—a mere hand-organ to grind out languages, and music, and long words! My only positive injunction to you is to exercise often, laugh when you can, grow as fat as you please; and when I return—God granting me that distant blessing—when I return, bowed down with the Polar frosts, let me have at least the rewarding consciousness of having done my duty."

For some reason, "owing to sickness brought on by a disturbed mind," the biography tells us, Miss Margaret did not remain long at school, but went to New York and stayed six months. The record very innocently adds that a letter from the doctor, received by her teacher, brought her back again to her studies,

while some very sensible letters from her governess had failed thus to influence her health.

At length the Arctic explorers returned, amid the joyful welcomings of the nation. Of course the name of Kane was upon every lip, and his voyage and discoveries were the all-absorbing topic in the country. The personal affairs of the doctor began to be discussed in the papers along with his public services. His name was mentioned in connection with that of "Miss Fox, of spirit-rapping celebrity." And then his manliness failed him. Inheriting a strong family pride, it wounded his spirit that himself or those he loved should be involved in such questionable connections. As he remarked to a friend, "No poverty, no obscurity could have stood for a moment in the way of his marriage with Miss Fox. But the abominable rappings! how could he link his name with them!" Therefore, when he visited his lady-love upon his return, it was to ask a relinquishment of the engagement which existed between them, and she always, as it would seem, weakly yielding to the last person with whom she came in contact, complied with his wishes.

Still he could not control his love, and again sought her presence, and opened a new correspondence.

In one of these later letters occurs the following pretty fable, with its application:—

"Once upon a time there were certain crystal vases in Fairy Land, kept bright by the hands of 'little spirits.' When burnished they shone like the stars of heaven, and served as beacon lights to weary pilgrims afar off; but when soiled they lost their lustre and never knew brightness more.

"You would suppose that each of these fairy crystals contained some pure and beautiful object, such as young flowers kissed by dewdrops, or golden fruit just ripened on the bough. But this was not the case. In the centre of each vase, surrounded by mould and rust and mildew, was a loathsome toad.

"Yet in spite of this forbidding interior, so long as the 'little spirits' kept up their daily polish, so long they shone on as before; and to the weary pilgrims from afar off lost none of their brightness.

"My fairy tale—for I tell beautiful stories—would go on to say how very long, by constant labor and striving, these vases beamed; but I think you see the moral of my story, and I pause.

"Neither you nor myself give a single

regretting thought to what we may carry in our own hearts. The world knows nothing of that which we all carry in our own vases; but we go on with the daily brightening, and trust to the 'little spirits' that we may always shine as beacon lights to weary pilgrims.

"There are few crystals, dear Maggie, even in fairy land—no matter how bright or how pure they may seem to you and me—who do not carry in their centres toads more loathsome than those of my fable." \* \* \*

"Keep up your refinement by daily, patient culture. It is a quality even higher than modesty. I know many who have the one, yet cannot attain the other. Rub hard, 'little spirit,' at your crystal vase, and dear Ly will help you to brighten it."

At length the health of the doctor began to fail, and physicians advised him to go abroad. He still continued his devotion during his absence as long as his strength permitted, and we are told that his last letter was addressed to the mistress of his affections.

And thus closed the life history of this strange romance. Out of sight of the great world it was lived, and there it should have ended; but pecuniary considerations have torn aside the veil which shrouded it and made it sacred, and a petty revenge has bruited the story to the world.

We do not blame Miss Fox altogether for this strange rendering up to the public of what is and should forever be most secretly cherished in the heart of every true woman—that which the noblest of her sex would sacrifice even life itself to maintain in sacredness and purity. But from the first she seems to have been destitute of true womanly independence, and entirely plastic in the hands of those about her. Had she not been, she would not have continued so long in connection with "spiritual manifestations" when convinced of its folly and wrong. Again, she would not have received the secret attentions of any man whose pride would not allow him to acknowledge the same before the world; and, lastly, she would have starved in miserable poverty, have borne reproaches, misunderstanding, and even calumny itself, before she would have yielded to the busy, sneering, incredulous world the tender revealings of a loving heart.

The violet that grows low, and bathes itself with its own tears, of all flowers, is the most fragrant. The grace of humility yields the sweetest perfume.

## LAY SERMONS.

### A CUP OF WATER.

BY L. A. B.

"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them."

"Good-morning, Mrs. Bright."

"Oh, good-morning, Sister Morse, what a stranger! Sit down."

"I can't stop a minute. Mr. Morse is down with the rheumatism, and I run over to see if you would let your Willie come and cut me up a little wood."

"Mr. Morse sick? How long has he been laid up?"

"Now three weeks—and can't move himself in bed. He suffers everything."

"How sorry I am. I thought I hadn't seen him out to meeting lately. But you mustn't neglect the means of grace, sister. You could run into conference for an hour and leave him."

"Not very well. I think I ought to stay with him."

"The Lord first, and your husband afterwards. Your sister would run in and sit with him."

"She hasn't the time, and he likes to have me with him."

"But the cross, Sister Morse—you should do your duty."

"Yes, I try to. I think I bear the cross."

"But you must let your light shine. Oh, such a refreshing meeting as we had last night! If you could have been there! I never had a clearer evidence. Oh, it was heavenly! There seems to be quite an interest. Mr. Parker was there last night. He looked as though he didn't believe there was such a thing as religion. I'm sure he's an infidel; but we all prayed for him, and I hope even the chief of sinners may be brought in. What a dreadful thing it is to be living without God in the world, as he does."

"I haven't a kinder neighbor than he is, Sister Bright. He certainly acts as much like a Christian as anybody I know of. Mrs. Parker is the only neighbor that has called on me since Mr. Morse has been sick, and she gave me some sewing to do, or I don't know how I could get along."

"Works without faith'—unless a man be born again.' It is these people who depend upon their good works that do so much injury to the cause. It's making infidels of all the young folks."

"Sometimes I think the professors who do no good works are full as great stumbling blocks as those who depend entirely upon their works."

"Why, Sister Morse! I'm afraid you're backsliding."

"Perhaps I am; but different people see things in a different light."

"But there's only one true light, and if we do not see it, it is because we are blinded by prejudice and bigotry."

"True; yet I often think the very ones who are the most bigoted are the least aware of it."

"So do I. As I was saying to Sister Jellyby last night, I fear Sister Morse doesn't go to meeting enough. You won't be offended, will you?"

"Not for your saying it to me; but it is scarcely kind to make such remarks to others, without trying to find out why I don't go. But, good-morning."

"Well, I know I'm plain spoken; I think it is my duty to be, and if people take offence, I can't help it. Willie can cut some wood for you, if he will. I will ask him when he comes home from school."

"I didn't mean to leave you so long, James; but Mrs. Bright got to talking about religion—"

"And when she gets to talking she don't stop the same half hour, does she?"

"Don't laugh at her. She is very devoted."

"I know it, dear; so are Deacon Grover, and Brother Johnson, and Sister Willis; and yet I have thought much since lying here of this *sentimental religion*. They talk a great deal about 'bearing the cross,' 'doing the will of God,' 'coming out from the world,' 'attending the means of grace,' 'feeling the love of God in their hearts,' but it means little. Oh, wife, I fear it is not the religion of Him who went about doing good. The cross they bear is saying a few hackneyed phrases in a social meeting—that is their Shibboleth—and the love of God in their hearts depends much, I fear, upon animal excitement."

"Why, James, how strange you talk! The fever has got into your head."

"No, my mind is clearer than it used to be. And I have been thinking that the Saviour did not practice such a system of religion as this. I have been thinking how expressly he said, it was not those who were loudest in their pretensions that should come into the Kingdom, but those who did His will—to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, forgive our enemies, and care for the distressed. Annie, I do not complain because of my sickness."

"You never complain, dear."

"I try to be reconciled to His will. I know that hunger and cold are upon our threshold. If I feel to murmur, it is to see your poor hands earning our daily bread. Oh, wife, it is this that almost breaks my heart!"

"No, no, James. That is no hardship. It is that you suffer so."

"So I have thought, if the Lord spares me, I

can never be blind to poverty and distress again. I do not blame our neighbors. They do not consider. Yet Mr. Parker has seen our distress, and proved almost a good Samaritan. I do not blame our church-members—they are in the midst of a revival, and have enough to attend to; but I see my own duty clearer, and I believe that God does not care for 'gifts' and 'crosses' so much as for the harvest of kindly deeds, and silent charities of love and good will."

"That was what I wanted to say to Mrs. Bright, she is so set—"

"It is only thoughtlessness, dear."

"Yes, but we have no right to be thoughtless. Do you remember 'The Lady's Dream,' by Hood? He never was thoughtless of the poor. I never can forget these lines:—

"I dressed as the noble dress,  
In cloth of silver and gold,  
With silk and satin and costly furs,  
In many an ample fold;  
But I never remembered the naked limbs  
That froze with winter's cold.

"The wounds I might have healed!  
The human sorrow and smart!  
And yet it never was in my soul  
To play so ill a part;  
But evil is wrought by want of thought,  
As well as want of heart."

"I think there was a knock, Annie."

"Oh, it's Willie Bright. Did you come to cut the wood?"

"No, I'm going skating; Johnny Parker said he would. He was going skating, but he said he'd rather cut your wood. I came to bring a note from mother."

"Read it, Annie."

"SISTER MORSE:—As you are so confined at home, I thought it would be a comfort to you and your husband to have our weekly prayer-meeting appointed at your house, if your husband is able. You know the Bible says we should not neglect to assemble ourselves together. Send word by Johnny."

"Mrs. BRIGHT."

"Well, husband?"

"I think it would be a pleasure to me to have them meet here and pray with us."

"Tell your mother we would like it very much."

"I trust you are reconciled to this dispensation of Providence, Brother Morse?"

"I think I am, Brother Grover. His peace is with me."

"I'm glad to hear it. We thought a little season of prayer would revive your soul."

"It will be very pleasant to me."

"We didn't like to have the meeting in the school-house, for Parker is always there, looking so hard and defiant that we can't have so much freedom."

"Perhaps he is interested."

"No, he goes out of curiosity. Some of us tried

to talk with him at first; but he is a perfect infidel. Why, he told Elder Penny that, according to his observation, the digestion had a great deal to do with a man's enjoying religion—for he never knew a dyspeptic who had a clear evidence—they were always under a cloud. He actually said that to the minister. That's what I call a clear case of total depravity."

"The man may be honest in his convictions—"

"So may the devil. Oh, here is Brother Penny and Sister Penny. I was afraid I should have to take charge."

"I hope the Lord is with you, Brother Morse."

"I trust he is, Brother Penny."

"Quite a full meeting. I think we might as well commence. Sister Bright, will you sing—

"Come ye that love the Lord!"

"Some one at the door, Annie."

"Johnny Parker. What do you want, Johnny? There's a meeting here to-night."

"I know it. Haul the sled up close to the door, Billy. That'll do. How d'ye do, Mr. Penny? Bring in the bag, Billy."

"There's a meeting here, my little son. You shouldn't talk quite so loud."

"I know it, Mr. Penny. Bring in the basket, Billy. You see, father couldn't come down to meeting to-night, because he's gone to sit up with old Mr. Grover, Deacon Grover's father, that's sick."

"So he sent you, sir?"

"Yes, he sent me to bring his prayer. Bring in the box, Billy. There, Mrs. Morse—a pair of chickens, a bushel of potatoes, a bushel of apples, some flour, and meal, and butter, and some jelly and stuff for Mr. Morse, and father'll send half a cord of wood in the morning, and Billy and I will come and cut it."

"Oh, Johnny, your father is too good to us. The Lord will reward him a hundred fold."

"That's what he said, Mrs. Morse, he was only lending it to the Lord. 'Taint worth crying about, though. That's his prayer, Mr. Grover. Come, Billy."

"Well, Brother Morse, I should feel insulted if I was in your place."

"Insulted, Sister Bright? I hope I'm not so ungrateful or proud as to feel insulted by such kindness as the Parkers have shown us, so timely too. Parker is eccentric—but our best friend."

"I was not aware you were in want of the necessities of life. If you had mentioned it to the church, instead of Parker."

"We never have mentioned it to any one, Deacon Grover. But it has been a hard winter with us, and Mr. Parker understood that bread did not rain down from heaven. I sometimes think he is not so far from the Kingdom as some imagine."

"Sister Bright, will you sing—

"Deluded souls that dream of Heaven,  
And make their empty boast."

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### WHAT ARE THE BOYS AND GIRLS READING?

The greater part of the reading done in our country is the work of boys and girls "in their teens." The halcyon days of youth once over, the cares of life crowd thick and fast upon us. As a nation, we are driven, by press of business, to the very verge of madness; and, in consequence of this absorption in daily occupations, we find (unless those occupations chance to be connected in some way with literature,) little time to give to books. Pater familias comes home, after the labors of the day, too wearied to do more than look over the papers, (in itself no sinecure in these days!) and listen to a little music from his pretty daughter: his harassed mind running, perhaps, even through the lulling cadences of "Les Réve," upon the note to fall due to-morrow, or the probable effect of the latest telegrams upon the price of gold. Sunday brings with its rest and quiet, a blessed breathing spell, but even its sacred hours are haunted by grim spectres of business cares. Where, think you, in such a life are the hours to give to History, Poetry, or Romance?

But mater familias is differently situated, you may think—she could sit in her easy chair, and read from morning till night, if she liked. Mater familias would lift her hands in holy horror, if she surmised your thought. Not that she would not enjoy such a life, but if she were to indulge herself in it, who would oversee the servants—care for the children—sew on the buttons and darn the stockings—to say nothing of charitable labors? I speak of the class of women which is most numerous in our country. Women, earnest and pure in heart and life; fulfilling, faithfully, each duty, however small; never repining at the obscurity of their position, nor at the pettiness of the thousand cares by which they are encumbered, but accepting, with cheerful patience, the lot appointed them, and bearing constantly in mind the apostolic injunction—"Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." There are thousands of such women, who with a strong taste for culture, and a bitter consciousness that their minds are stunted and shrivelled for lack of it, find their reading confined to a daily chapter in the Bible, with an occasional glance at a newspaper or magazine. If you speak of a new book, and ask if they have read it, they will answer with a sigh—

"I haven't found time to read a book through in years. The children do all the reading that is done in the family."

Yes! the children read. Give them as many

tasks as you like, to puzzle their little brains over—"readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmitic," algebra, geometry, and all the 'ologies, and still they will read. Years enough have not passed over their young heads to bow them with meek acquiescence to apparent fate. The impulse of resistance is strong within them, and they resist to some purpose. Early or late, at one hour or another, they will find time for their beloved books. (Not school books.) Send Bridget to tell Kitty that her music teacher is waiting, and she will, likely enough, find her in the garret, with a shawl over her head, reading the "Arabian Nights," by the dim cobweb-curtained window. Look for Tom, some rainy Saturday when you want to send him to the Post-office, or the corner grocery, and you will probably find him sprawling, at full length, upon the dining-room floor, enjoying "Robinson Crusoe" with a zest which you, with your years of wise experience, cannot help envying. Yes, the boys and girls will read. Did they not, barren indeed would be the minds of the men and women. It is well, but it would be better if the insatiable thirst which they feel growing with their growth, and strengthening with their strength, might be slaked at none but pure and healthful fountains; unless, however, you take pains to lead them to such, the probabilities that it will be otherwise are strong.

Kitty will go to school to-morrow, and some other Kitty will give her some novel of the Southworth school, with assurances that it is "perfectly splendid!" and Tom will bring home "The Woodland Ranger; or, Wild Nat's Revenge," which "one of the boys" has pronounced, with more force than elegance, "Bully!"

Many a golden hour will run to waste over such trash as this, for want of a little guidance from father or mother, who are "driven to death" by cares of business or housekeeping. Some parents awake to a sense of this danger, and think to avoid it by arbitrarily forbidding all fiction, which is a mistake. Would you have no flowers in your garden but the blossoms of your pumpkin and squash vines? or the prim old-maidish clusters of your sage beds? No! You uproot, to be sure, all which hide poison in their bright petals, or which, in any way, render the air noxious, but, in their stead, you plant roses and lilies, far more beautiful and fragrant. If you forbid your children books which to them are fascinating, but which you know to be injurious, fill the void you make with others which they may safely enjoy. They do not, at first, read trash from a perverted taste, but simply because the hunger of young minds is so keen, and the relish of young minds



so sharp, that, ostrich-like, they devour with avidity, whatever falls in their way. Remember "Pet Marjory," (than whom, gifted as she was, a truer child never lived,) spouting "Mother Goose" and Shakspeare from the same rosy lips—enjoying the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," and even the grander beauties of "Paradise Lost," and pronouncing the "Newgate Calendar"—"most instructive reading." Oh, rare Marjory Fleming!

Children without her genius have her lack of discrimination. They sit down to the mental feast of which all are free to partake, and, if a dish of trifles chances to be placed near them, try to satisfy their craving appetites with its cloying sweets. In the process, they will perhaps give themselves mental dyspepsia for life, unless some experienced friend is at hand, to teach them to make a more judicious selection. But don't, experienced friend, don't drive them from whip-syllabub to hard-tack; they will thrive little better upon it. Give them generous slices of beef, and don't grudge them a bit of pudding. It is probable, however, that they will relish their beef better if they do not taste the syllabub first. In other words, it is easier to guide to the formation of a true taste than to guard against the enticements of a false. Commence early. From the time the children begin to spell, take an interest in what they read. Scorn not "Red Riding Hood" and "Hop o' my Thumb,"—show due deference to the "Rollo Books," those treasures of childhood! Don't frown when you find Tom and Kitty all a-glow over the "Arabian Nights," but as a link between its world of enchantment and the one in which we live, give them the "Tales of the Alhambra," over whose witching pages they will learn to love Irving, and, that desirable end accomplished, it will be easy to teach them to like all he has written; so strong are the prejudices of youth, and the powers of association. Start with so glittering a thread, and it will be your own fault if you do not string pearls where Tom and Kitty would, if left to themselves, be content with glass beads. Seize the moment when they are fired with "Robinson Crusoe's" adventures to interest them in books of travel.

Give them, also, books connected with their studies. One reason why boys and girls do not profit more by what they learn at school, is the difficulty they find in making a practical application of the knowledge thus acquired. It seems to them to belong to a world of its own, equally distant from the realms of fact and those of fancy—to be locked in their desks when they leave the school-room, and never referred to elsewhere. If you can, therefore, galvanize into life the inert facts with which it is the business of teachers to crowd their young heads, you will do them a service for which they will owe you life-long gratitude. As a step towards this, if they are poring, at school, over a dry History of the United States, let them read Irving's *Life of Washington*

at home. When they know the author, his large volumes will not look formidable, and they will be surprised to find "how real it makes it seem!" as I heard a girl, in the first half of her teens, remark the other day. If they are forced to learn by heart, as the phrase runs, a stupid compound of English history, let them read, in that connection, Macaulay's musical periods, and delight them with Scott's novels and poems.

Let them see, too, that you are interested yourself, in the books you encourage them to read. It will make them prouder and happier than you will readily believe, if you have forgotten your own early youth. A friend referring, not long since, to his boyhood, spoke of the surprised delight he experienced when he first discovered that he could read and enjoy a book which "the grown folks" were praising. It was, he said, an era in his existence. I recall, too, an experience of my own childhood. Poetry was to me a word of dread and mysterious import, signifying a vague, unapproachable something with which I should have nothing to do, for many years to come. Full of this idea, I took myself and my playthings into a corner, one evening, when one of the elders of the family took Drake's "Culprit Fay" from the book-case, and commenced reading it aloud. It was not long before I dropped my toys to give my whole attention to the poem, which fascinated me, young as I was. In that hour, the word of dread, mysterious import was translated to my comprehension. I felt, though I could not have expressed the feeling, that it was "a thing of beauty."

The love of poetry, if not natural to every one, is so easily implanted, and the source of so much pleasure, that those who have the care of children are censurable for neglecting its culture. Any child will like poetry after hearing it well read. I have seen the experiment tried many times, and never unsuccessfully. Reading aloud, by the way, might be made a powerful influence in forming the taste of the young folks, if fathers and mothers could be persuaded thus to spend an occasional half hour. Sweet words sound sweeter, to all of us, from the lips of those we love, and pages over which we would pass with listless, perchance weary eyes, claim our attention when they reach the brain through the portal of the ear. Such reading is profitable, moreover, as a means of cultivating a union of sympathies and interests throughout the family circle, than which nothing is more precious.

I have preached my little sermon to you, parents, and as sermons must "conclude," I will say, "in conclusion," remember that the youth of your children is "the creation-week of their souls," during which time your power over their plastic natures is, I speak reverently, almost All-mighty; see that you so use it, that, when the work of your hands is irrevocably finished, looking upon it with unclouded eyes, you may "see that it is good."

## THE CHILDREN OF HEAVEN.

*Inscribed to Mrs. P. D. H.*

BY ALMA GREY.

Oh, friend, I have had a sweet vision  
Of beauty and glory and love;—  
I wandered through fields Elysian,  
Almost to the Heavens above.

The beautiful crystal river  
There flowed from the throne of God,  
And on either side were fair windings  
By millions of footsteps trod.

There were trees of beautiful foliage,  
That bear all manner of fruit,  
With leaves for the healing of nations,  
Sin's many diseases to suit.

There were gardens of beautiful flowers—  
Choice plants of the sweetest perfume—  
More varied in tint and in fragrance,  
Than fancy or dreams can assume.

There were groups of beautiful children,  
And the air was resounding with joy,  
And among the sweet tones, as I listened,  
Rang those of your darling lost boy.

There were thousands, ten thousands of voices—  
Yet each had a different tone,  
And each mother's soft eye as she listened,  
Grew bright at the sound of her own.

They ran, and they danced, and they shouted,  
As when they were here on earth,  
But oh, there was one precious difference—  
*No sorrow, no sin* marred their mirth.

So happy, so gleeful, so radiant—  
So mutual the love-glances given,

I saw as I ne'er had conceived it,  
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

And anon, as I knelt down enchanted,  
I saw a bright Presence there stand,  
And eager the children pressed round Him,  
And clasped Him by either hand.

And some were clasped home to His bosom,  
—The latest from earth disenthralled—  
While others were lisping sweet stories,  
Or answering each name as He called.

Oh, many and many dear faces  
That I've seen and loved here below—  
I saw them again in my vision,  
But so brighter, so happier now!

And then as they frolicked and rambled,  
Or basked in the Saviour's dear smiles,  
Their chorussed hosannas resounded  
For millions and millions of miles;

Continuous circles encircling  
In one melodious round,  
One glad radiation of gladness  
Poured out in harmonious sound.

Oh, friend, had the voice of Silvester  
To your ravished sense been given,  
And his face made pure and holy,  
So bright with the joys of Heaven,—

Had you seen as I saw, how glorious,  
How free from all sins and alarms,  
You would joy that the half of your dear ones  
Are safe in your Saviour's arms.

I thank Thee, oh, God, that this vision  
To my earth bound sense was given!  
For, as never before I feel it  
How "such make the kingdom of Heaven."

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

## JOHNNY MURPHY'S DUE BILL.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Dr. Kane was standing on his balcony one morning. It was in June. A little boy came up the steps. He was ragged and barefooted; but his face was clean, his hair combed, and his eyes sparkled. He held his hat in his hand.

"Well, my little man, what is it?" asked the doctor.

"Are you Mr. Kane?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Charlie?"

"Somewhere about the house."

"Can I see him?"

"I suppose so. What about?"

"I want to pay him a dollar that he lent me."

"A dollar? What is your name?"

"Johnny Murphy."

"How came my boy to lend you a dollar?"

"Maybe Charlie would rather I would not tell."

"He will tell me, I know, if I ask him. He has never yet deceived me."

"He is just the best little fellow ever was!" said Johnny Murphy, bringing his hands together in his earnestness, and then stooping to pick up his hat, which had fallen on the floor as a consequence.

Dr. Kane smiled pleasantly.

"Here is the money," said Johnny. "Give it to him. It makes one dollar and ten cents."

"What are the ten cents for?"

"For lending me the dollar. It is the interest."

"So ho! Charlie is a broker, a money lender, eh?"

"He has my due bill," said Johnny.

"Your due bill!" and the doctor laughed out-

right. "That is rich! Business in rags! Method running barefooted! I will call Charlie. Of course you must have your due bill, Master Murphy."

Charlie was in the hall, and soon appeared. His little cousin, Davie Evans, was with him.

"Charlie, this boy has returned a dollar he borrowed of you. He says you have his due bill. Let me see it."

Charlie blushed, got out an old pocket-book, and handed his father a scrap of dirty paper. It read as follows:—

"I weak from toe day, jun 9, i will pay Charlie kane 1 dollar & 10 cents for 1 dollar lent me.

[STAMP.]

his  
"JOHN X MURPHY."  
mark.

On the back of it was written:—

"if johnny Murphy deont pay this i will.

"DAVID EVANS."

"You endorsed Master Murphy, I see," said the doctor, to Davie Evans.

"Yes, uncle," replied Davie. "I went his security."

Dr. Kane laughed out loud again.

"And what was the dollar for?" he asked.

"To set me up," said Johnny Murphy.

"Set you up in what?"

"In business. I am selling newspapers. I had no money. Charlie lent me some. I have cleared enough to pay him and lay in a new stock."

"I am glad to know that you are honest, Master Murphy, and that you have prospered. I am pleased that my boy was willing to aid you, and to find so much method in the transaction. Where did you get the dollar, Charlie?"

"Of you, pa. You gave it to me to buy a box of paints with."

"And you did without the paints in order to start Johnny Murphy in business? That was right. But I have a few serious errors to point out in your due bill, as you call it, though it is more properly a promissory note.

"1st.—The spelling is wretched.

"2d.—The date is out of place.

"But neither of these would affect the validity of the note.

"3d.—No year is stated.

"4th. A postage stamp is on it instead of a revenue stamp. They are stamps of a distinct character, and cannot be used one for the other.

"5th.—The rate of interest is outrageously exorbitant. Six per cent. is lawful interest in this State (Pennsylvania). Ten cents interest on one dollar for one week would be at the rate of \$10 on \$100 for one week, and \$520 on \$100 for fifty-two weeks, or one year."

The boys all laughed at that.

Dr. Kane took a bit of paper out of his pocket and handed it to the boys to look at. This is a copy:—

Philadelphia, October 9th, 184—.

On demand, we, or either of us, promise to pay to S. A. Pennock, or order, five thousand dollars, without defalcation, for value received.

\$5,000.

GEORGE FISHER,  
A. B. KANE.

"That is a note on demand, in proper form," said the doctor. "Mr. Pennock loaned Mr. Fisher the money, and Mr. Kane (myself) endorsed Mr. Fisher. Mr. Fisher failed to pay the note, and Mr. Kane (myself again) had to pay it. That little matter of experience cost me five thousand dollars. Be careful whom you endorse. Do not endorse at all, if you can possibly help it. Lend money only to honest, reliable parties. Johnny Murphy happened to be honest. If he comes to my office this afternoon, I will see that he is taught to write, and find some steady, profitable employment for him. That is all I have to say, boys."

## FAIRY TALES.

BY L. A. B.

(Continued from December number.)

Archer Dane went forth from his father's cot at midnight, with the oaken staff upon his shoulder, and a heavy heart in his breast; for it was very sad to leave his home and the friends who loved him even to get wealth and power. He paused on the threshold, irresolute.

"They are dearer to me than all the gold on earth," he said. "I will not go!"

But they were sick and starving; without money they would perish. So for their sakes he went on.

When he came to Silver Spring, the rippling waters seemed to sigh and sing a farewell. His tears mingled with the stream. These haunts of his childhood were very dear, but one cannot always be a child, and linger by mossy brooks dreaming the hours away, he thought. He looked up to see the star he hoped would light him on his way, but a cloud was before its face.

A little farther on he saw a light under the tree his strange friend had pointed out. He had often seen it there, he remembered it well, and thought it was the moonlight on the stream. Now he knew it was the Jack-o'-lantern that was to guide him on his journey.

He thought he would go and speak with him—glad to have a companion to relieve the oppression of this midnight adventure. But as he went towards the light it moved on before him as fast as he approached. If he ran, the pale, unflickering light moved as swiftly on before him, and if he loitered from weariness his guide moved no faster than he.

What wonder that a sickly terror came over him as he plunged deeper and deeper into the gloom of a pathless forest, with such an uncanny guide, following the counsel of a strange, unknown woman.

He was no coward, but even Achilles might have been appalled to brave alone the dangers of these

woods, infested with robbers, giants, satyrs, and monsters innumerable. No wonder he fell upon his knees in wretched indecision.

But he could not turn back. Behind him was the skeleton of starvation, before him all that men hold good—wealth, and power, and plenty. So he went bravely on, with his staff upon his shoulder. For he remembered the woman told him it was charmed wood, so he kept it with great care.

He suspected that this woman was a fairy, and thought he should soon come to some wonderful palace, where the rooms were piled to the ceiling with gold and diamonds, and he could have all the treasure he could carry away with him.

But when the way grew rougher, and thorns and brambles tore his clothes and flesh, and his feet were blistered and bleeding, he thought the strange creature was some cruel witch, who had led him away into the wilderness that he might perish. He was too weary and worn to go farther, and he sank down in despair. He felt that he must die here in the desolate forest.

Then he resolved to make one more attempt, so he took the oaken staff from his shoulder and used it to support his weary steps. And now the most wonderful thing happened; for no sooner did the magic staff touch the ground than he seemed to tread on down. He thought he was transformed into a fairy, and even looked behind to see if gauzy wings had not grown upon his shoulders. He quite forgot his weariness, and thought only of the great treasure he should soon find; for since the charmed staff had proved so excellent, his faith in his unknown friend revived, and he thought the end of his journey was near.

But soon the dense darkness grew paler, and the huge trunks of the forest trees began to show themselves through the twilight, and presently the light of the lantern was swallowed up in the light of the coming day. But the day only showed him how great was his desolation in the midst of these giant trees and vast rocks, without even a timid hare or a chirping bird to cheer his heart with their familiar presence.

He knew not which way to go, so he resolved to linger there till night came on, hoping he should find his guide with the pale lantern again. As the day wore on, he was nearly famished for want of food, and searched about for berries or roots; but no grateful fruits or nourishing roots ever grew in these dense shadows. The ground was only covered with decaying leaves and branches of the trees; so, fainting and famishing, he dragged himself to the side of a rock and lay down to die.

But people do not die when they fancy they will, and Archer only fell into a deep sleep, that lasted until night came on again. When he awoke, he looked around for the lantern, but it was nowhere to be found. Now he was sure that he was starving to death, for he was very weak, so he sat down on the ground in a helpless agony, and looking up he saw a red flickering light between the trees.

He went towards it, and it did not recede as the lantern had done, and he crept cautiously along. He saw that it was the light of a fire just within the mouth of a vast cavern. It was burning low, and at one side a whole stag was roasting, and the breeze wafted the savory odor of cooking meat to his nostrils. He was wild with joy. Here was food and life. He did not stop to think of danger, but rushed eagerly towards it and cut off several pieces of smoking flesh, which he devoured like a hungry wolf. There was no one near, and he went on to explore the cave.

At first there appeared to be little besides a huge structure resembling a table, made of the unhewn branches of trees, but it was quite six feet high. The interior of the cave was very high, and looking up, Archer saw that the roof and sides were entirely covered with the antlers of deer, and round white substances resembling shells. As his eyes became accustomed to the dim light of the cave he saw at one end many huge iron pots, large enough to stew three or four oxen. The lad suspected he had found the haunt of some band of robbers, and he eagerly looked around for signs of their booty. He clambered up on the ragged rocks and peered into the iron pots. He saw the gleam of gold! One was filled to the very brim with yellow coins, while another glittered with precious stones. Archer could only reach the gold, and he succeeded in filling his pockets, but the gold looked dim and worthless beside the glow of the diamonds in the pot beyond, so he threw it on the ground and made another effort to reach the precious stones. One of the round white shells fell down into the pot of gold, with a hollow, ringing sound that echoed through the cave like the mocking laugh of fiends, and Archer saw that it was a human skull, which lay up-turned and grinning at him with a ghastly leer. And looking around with terror, all the white shells upon that horrid wall gleamed out into fearful skulls, that seemed to laugh him to derision, and the air was full of sighs and groans, that might have been the wind, but it made his blood curdle with horror.

Just then he heard a sound like distant thunder, and he began to think of escaping from this place before the storm should hasten in the robbers, and his skull be added to this hideous mosaic.

He paused to gather up a handful of the gold that had fallen on the ground, when the cave became suddenly dark.

In the mouth of the cave stood an enormous giant, the most hideous monster you could conceive of. His huge chest was bare and covered with hair, he had the mouth and tusks of a wild boar, and carried the trunk of a large oak for a walking-stick. He had not yet observed Archer, who sank down in the darkness with a great fear, while all the skulls seemed to laugh with delight. The giant took up the roasted deer and laid it on the table, with a grunt of satisfaction, but presently

he gave a howl of rage, as he saw the depredations that had been committed upon his feast.

"I smell man-flesh, I smell man-flesh. I never eat deer when I can get men."

So saying he seized a brand from the fire and searched about the cave with steps like thunder, and took Archer up between his thumb and finger, with a cry of exultation, holding him alarmingly near his horrid jaws, as though he could not wait to roast him.

Archer begged that he would not harm a poor lad who was dying of starvation.

The giant laughed in a horrid manner, and answered—

"You killed my brother a hundred years ago. I've waited for you—oh, I've waited for you. You carried his head to the king. You've come for mine, eh? Ho! ho! A fine roast you'll make. Young and tender—juicy and sweet!"

Archer assured him that it was not he that killed his brother, but Jack the Giant Killer; he had never killed any one.

"You are his brother then. I've waited for you, ha! ha!"

Then he gave him a grip that threatened to crush him to death. But as if a thought had suddenly occurred to him, he relaxed his grasp, muttering—

"To-morrow I will make a feast and invite the Thunderer."

So he lifted the lid of one of the great pots and dropped his victim in. Archer felt about him to see if he could not find some means of escape; but the sides being concave it was quite impossible for him to reach the top. He saw no way but to wait for the morrow, and be served up for a feast for the two giants; and in imagination he saw himself slowly roasting before the fire like the deer, and he heard the monster muttering, as he laid his heavy limbs down upon his bed—

"Young and tender—juicy and sweet."

The hideous sound of the giant's snoring soon told that he was sleeping, dreaming, no doubt, of the banquet of the morrow.

Then the boy was sure that his strange visitant in the wood, who had sent him on this fatal journey, had meant to destroy him; and tearing the diamond ring from his finger, he threw it violently from him, in grief and anger. Sparks of fire shivered from the diamonds, and his prison became suddenly bright as day. When he could bear the light, he looked up, and the old hump-backed crone stood before him.

She laughed in great glee, at the sad plight of the boy, and said—

"Did you find gold, plenty of gold, little dear? Diamonds too? ha! ha! What a fine thing it is to find a cave full of treasure."

"And a giant to eat me up," exclaimed the boy, in a great rage. "Die, deceiver!" and he struck at her with the magic staff, but he only hit the side of the pot, and the old woman laughed louder

than ever. But strange to tell, though the pot was made of thick iron, the blow had broken out a large piece from the side, quite large enough for him to creep through. The noise awoke the giant, who began to howl fiercely and call out to him—

"Are you there?"

Archer responded, and he added—

"Keep quiet, or I'll quiet you!"

"Served you right," said the woman. "Little boys that go into giants' houses deserve to be spit and broiled for dinner. Did you call me to release you?"

"I did not call for you. I only cursed you, for leading me here to die with starvation, and be devoured by giants."

"But you called me, for you threw the ring on the ground. You are a thankless god-child, and I have a mind to leave you to yourself. Do you want gold, my pretty boy?"

"Yes; gold, gold. How shall I escape from this place and get gold? Aid me and I will never be unthankful again."

"Gold comes from valor or from crime. You shall go through fire, and famine, and danger, and dismay. Smite the giant with the staff."

She disappeared through the aperture; but the ring still lay there filling the place with its light. Archer replaced it on his finger, and went out of his prison, with new hope and courage.

The light from the ring guided him to the place where the giant lay. He seemed more hideous than ever in his sleeping impotence. The lad struck him on the head with the staff, and light as the blow was, it went crashing quite through his skull. The huge creature shuddered from head to foot, then never moved again.

Then Archer filled his pockets with gold and his bosom with diamonds, and went on his way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### "ROW ON."

"For the first five years of my professional life," once said a gentleman, "I had to row against wind, and stream, and tide."

"And what did you do?"

"Do," replied he, "do—why, I rowed on, to be sure."

And so he did row on, and to a good purpose, too, until he came to the open sea, took favorable breezes, and brought his voyage to a most successful termination, leaving behind him a most enviable reputation for worth and wisdom, impressing the mark of his strong mind and excellent character deep and clear on the community in which he lived, and obtaining an immortality worth more than a monarch's crown in the respectful memory of thousands.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or to keep one. The man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased, and at a sacrifice.



## HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

### MIND AND BODY.

[Dr. Hall, from whose excellent *Journal of Health* we make frequent selections, gives the following valuable suggestions.]

The influence which the mind has in causing, aggravating, and protracting disease, is too constantly lost sight of, by all classes of physicians. Everybody recommends exercise as a means of preserving and regaining health. But to ride a certain length of time, or to walk a specified distance "for the health," merely for the sake of the health, is almost useless, and is a penance; but if there is the accompaniment of an agreeable associate or an exhilarating motive, one which lifts up the mind and absorbs it for the time being, so as to make it wholly forgetful of the bodily condition, as the radical object of the exercise, this is health giving; its effects are always magical, on mind, and body, and blood.

Dwelling on trouble; remorse for lost opportunities; the hugging of sharp-pointed memories; moping over the slights of friends; feeding on exaggerations of the hardness of our lot; and grieving vainly for unrequited love, all these are known the world over, as being capable of bringing on slow, and painful, and fatal diseases. But it is not so well understood that great mental emotion sometimes causes maladies which prove fatal in a few days; such maladies as are induced by great physical exposures. It was recently announced that a distinguished French advocate was so excited and exhausted by one of his professional efforts, as to superinduce an attack of pneumonia, (lung fever or inflammation of the lungs,) of which he died in a few days. Three young ladies were riding in a carriage in St. Louis; the horses ran away; two of the riders escaped from the vehicle, while the third sat still, as composedly as if nothing unusual had taken place; all were astonished at her "presence of mind." After she reached her home, she informed her friends that she remained still because the shock, the feeling of horror was such, that she was perforce, as immovable as marble; the reaction was such as to cause an inflammation of the bowels, which nothing could remove, and of which she died in a few days. These facts, with thousands of others like them, prove beyond all cavil, that the mind may be a cause of disease; and the inference is clear, that the states of the mind should be watched. We should guard against cherishing depressing feelings; and with as much care, should habituate ourselves to self-control; to the habit of looking at everything of a stirring or harrowing character with a calm courage; we should strive at all times for that valuable characteristic, "presence of mind," under all circumstances; for we are every day in great need of it; it is in many cases, a literal "life-preserver."

When one neglects the natural law of cleanliness, cutaneous diseases, malignant fevers and contagious influences generally are engendered, but it is not all of cleanliness to keep the outside of the body clean. To do this, the blood must be pure, and this is kept so by eating and drinking only pure food and drink, and keeping up a natural action of the organs of depuration, the skin, lungs, kidneys and bowels, through proper exercise, sleep, etc.

(146)

### MORBID MENTAL EFFECTS OF BAD AIR.

Dr. Robertson remarks: "The health, the mental and bodily functions, the spirit, temper, disposition, the correctness of the judgment and brilliancy of the imagination depend directly upon pure air." This is strongly put, but it is not an overstatement. As the inflowing stream of air is the imminent and instant condition of physical life, so it is the immediate material agent charged with the exalted function of establishing and maintaining the connection of mind and body. It is air acting definitely and quantitatively through the bodily mechanism, that sustains the order and activity of the mind's faculties. Mind is thus physiologically conditioned, and one of the mighty tasks to which science must gird itself in the future is to work out the analysis of these conditions.

Mr. Paget, the eminent English physiologist, remarks: "The health of the mind, so far as it is within our own control, is subject to the same laws as is the health of the body. For the brain, the organ of the mind, grows, and is maintained according to the same methods of nutrition as every other part of the body; it is supplied by the same blood, and through the blood, like any other part, may be affected for good, or ill by the various physical influences to which it is exposed. But I will not dwell on this more than to assert, as safely deducible from physiology, that no scheme of instruction or of legislation can avail for the improvement of the human mind, which does not provide with equal care for the well-being of the human body. Deprive men of fresh air and pure water, of the light of heaven, and of sufficient food and rest, and as surely as their bodies will become dwarfed, and pallid, and diseased, so surely will their minds degenerate in intellectual and moral power."

The immediate effect of breathing impure air is to cloud the mind's clearness, to dull its sharpness, and depress its energy. All the mental movements are clogged, each faculty suffering restraint and perversion. The wings of the imagination are clipped, reason loses its keenness of penetration, and the judgment its acuteness of discernment and perspicacity. When we breathe bad air, the impressibility of the mind is diminished; if we undertake to study, we can neither understand so clearly, nor remember so well as if the air were pure. Socially we become less interesting, the spirits fall, conversation flags, dullness supervenes, we get impatient and irritable, and there is too often a resort in these circumstances to artificial exhilarants and stimulants to afford relief, which would be better secured by freshness and purity of the atmosphere.

An English lady, whatever may be her position in society, does not neglect the affairs of her household, and, even though she has a housekeeper, devotes a portion of her time to this, her true and happiest sphere. A contrary course to this results in lassitude of mind, often as fatal to health as the neglect of bodily exercise. The wife who leaves her household cares to her domestic, generally pays the penalty which has been affixed to idleness since the foundation of the world, and either wilts away from sheer ennui, or is driven into all sorts of fashionable follies to find employment for her mind.

## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKINSON.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,  
And the school for the day is dismissed,  
The little ones gather around me  
To bid me good-night and be kissed;  
O! the little white arms that encircle  
My neck in their tender embrace,  
O! the smiles that are halos of heaven,  
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And, when they are gone, I sit dreaming  
Of my childhood, too lovely to last;  
Of love that my heart will remember  
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,  
E'er the world and its wickedness made me  
A partner of sorrow and sin;  
When the glory of God was about me,  
And the glory of gladness within.

O! my heart grows as weak as a woman's  
And the fount of feelings will flow,  
When I think of the paths steep and stony,  
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;  
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them—  
Of the tempests of Fate, blowing wild,  
O! there's nothing on earth half so holy  
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;  
They are angels of God in disguise;  
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;  
His glory still gleams in their eyes;  
O! those truants from home and from heaven,  
They have made me more manly and mild!  
And I know, now, how Jesus could liken  
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones  
All radiant, as others have done,  
But that life may have just enough shadow  
To temper the glare of the sun;  
I would pray God to guard them from evil,  
But my prayers would bound back to myself—  
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,  
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended  
I have banished the rule and the rod;  
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,  
They have taught me the goodness of God;  
My heart is a dungeon of darkness  
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;  
My frown is sufficient correction,  
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,  
To traverse its threshold no more;  
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones  
That meet me each morn at the door!  
I shall miss the "good-nights," and the kisses,  
And the gush of their innocent glee,  
The group on the green, and the flowers  
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even—  
Their song in the school and the street;  
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,  
And the tramp of their delicate feet.

When the lessons of life are all ended,  
And Death says, "The school is dismissed!"  
May the little ones gather around me,  
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

### OVER THE RIVER.

BY MISS PRIEST.

Over the river they beckon to me—  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight gray, and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view,  
We saw not the angels who met him there;  
The gates of the city we could not see:  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another—the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be:  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,—  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye;  
We may not sunder the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
We only know that their barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar.  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before—  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

### THE LIFE THAT IS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Thou who so long has pressed the couch of pain,  
Oh welcome, welcome back to life's free breath—  
To life's free breath and day's sweet light again,  
From the chill shadows of the gate of death.

For thou had'st reached the twilight bound between  
The world of spirits and this grosser sphere;  
Dimly by thee the things of earth were seen,  
And faintly fell earth's voices on thine ear.

And now, how gladly we behold, at last,  
The wonted smile returning to thy brow;  
The very wind's low whisper, breathing past,  
In the light leaves, is music to thee now.

Thou wert not weary of thy lot: the earth  
Was ever good and pleasant in thy sight;  
Still clung thy loves about the household hearth,  
And sweet was every day's returning light.

Then welcome back to all thou would'st not leave,  
To this grand march of seasons, days, and hours;  
The glory of the morn, the glow of eve,  
The beauty of the streams, and stars, and flowers;

To eyes on which thine own delight to rest;  
To voices which it is thy joy to hear;  
To the kind toils that ever pleased thee best,  
The willing tasks of love, that made life dear.

Welcome to grasp of friendly hands; to prayers  
Offered where crowds in reverent worship come,  
Or softly breathed amid the tender cares  
And loving inmates of thy quiet home.

Thou bring'st no tidings of the better land,  
Even from its verge; the mysteries opened there  
Are what the faithful heart may understand  
In its still depths, yet words may not declare.

And well I deem, that, from the brighter side  
Of life's dim border, some o'erflowing rays,  
Streamed from the inner glory, shall abide  
Upon thy spirit through the coming days.

Twice wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,  
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,  
And all the blossoms of that hopeful time  
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again  
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings strong,  
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain,  
When we had watched, and feared, and trembled long.

Now may we keep thee from the balmy air  
And radiant walks of heaven a little space,  
Where He, who went before thee to prepare  
For His meek followers, shall assign thy place.

### TAULER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Tauler, the preacher, walked, one autumn day,  
Without the walls of Strasburg, by the Rhine,  
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life;  
As one who, wandering in a starless night,  
Feels, momentarily, the jar of unseen waves,  
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea,  
Breaking along an unimagin'd shore.

And as he walked he prayed. Even the same  
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,  
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart  
Had groaned: "Have pity upon me, Lord!  
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind.  
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path  
A sound as of an old man's staff among

The dry, dead linden leaves; and, looking up,  
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.

"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said;  
"God give thee a good day!" The old man raised  
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;  
But all my days are good, and none are ill."

Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again;  
"God give thee happy life." The old man smiled;  
"I never am unhappy."

Tauler laid  
His hand upon the stranger's coarse gray sleeve:  
"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.  
Surely man's day are evil, and his life  
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son,  
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days  
Are as our needs: for shadow as for sun,  
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike  
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;  
And that which is not, sharing not His life,  
Is evil only as devoid of good.  
And for the happiness of which I spake,  
I find it in submission to His will,  
And calm trust in the holy Trinity  
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,  
Stood the great preacher; Then he spake as one  
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought  
Which long has followed, whispering through the  
dark

Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:  
"What if God will consign thee hence to Hell?"

"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.  
What Hell may be I know not; this I know—  
I cannot lose the presence of the Lord;  
One arm. Humility, takes hold upon  
His dear Humanity, the other, Love,  
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go  
He goes; and better fire-walled Hell with Him  
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,  
Like the first ray which fell on chaos, clove  
Apart the shadow wherein he had walked  
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man  
Went his slow way, until his silver hair  
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine  
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said:  
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man  
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,  
Wisdom the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step  
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,  
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,  
Which tracing backward till its airy lines  
Hardened to stony plinths, he raised his eyes  
O'er broad facade and lofty pediment,  
O'er architrave and frieze and sainted niche,  
Up the stone lace-work chiselled by the wise  
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where  
In the noon-brightness the great Minster's tower,  
Jewelled with sunbeams on its mural crown,  
Rose like a visible prayer. "Behold!" he said,  
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!  
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth  
The dark triangle of its shade alone  
When the clear day is shining on its top,  
So, darkness in the pathway of Man's life  
Is but the shadow of God's providence,  
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;  
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

## THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport;  
 And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court;  
 The nobles filled the benches, and the ladies, in their pride,  
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:  
 And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,  
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.  
 Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;  
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;  
 With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,  
 Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;  
 The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the air,  
 Said Francis then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."  
 De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,  
 With smiling lips and sharp, bright eyes, which alway seemed the same;  
 She thought: The Count, my lover, is as brave as brave can be;  
 He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me;  
 King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;  
 I'll drop my glove to prove his love; great glory will be mine.  
 She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;  
 He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;  
 The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his place;  
 Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.  
 "By Heaven," said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat;  
 "No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

## RESIGNATION.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

There is no flock, however watched and tended  
 But one dead lamb is there!  
 There is no fireside, howsoever defended,  
 But has one vacant chair!  
 The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
 And mournings for the dead;  
 The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
 Will not be comforted!  
 Let us be patient! These severe afflictions  
 Not from the ground arise,  
 But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
 Assume this dark disguise.  
 We see but dimly through the mists and vapors  
 Amid these earthly damps,  
 What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers  
 May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition.  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
 Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—  
 But gone unto that school  
 Where she no longer needs our poor protection;  
 And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
 By guardian angels led,  
 Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
 She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
 In those bright realms of air;  
 Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
 The bond which nature gives,  
 Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again enfold her,  
 She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace;  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion  
 And anguish long suppressed,  
 The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,  
 That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
 We may not wholly stay;  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.

## HIDDEN TREASURES.

BY J. HAGAN.

Pilgrim on life's toilsome journey,  
 Searching for the good and true,  
 Be thou not in haste to turn thee  
 From what first offends thy view.

In the most unheard of places,  
 Richest treasure thou mayst find;  
 Forms that never knew the graces  
 Have the loftiest souls enshrined.

Gems of price are deeply hidden,  
 'Neath the rugged rocks concealed;  
 What would ne'er come forth unbidden  
 To thy search may be revealed.

While the fading flowers of pleasure  
 Spring spontaneous from the soil,  
 Thou wilt find the harvest's treasure  
 Yields alone to patient toil!

Of thy trial ne'er grow weary;  
 Child-like seek from all to learn;  
 And in after years to cheer thee,  
 Thou wilt reap a rich return.

And it is a thought endearing,  
 That our labors, day by day,  
 Are the rugged pathway clearing  
 For those following on the way.

Pilgrim on life's toilsome journey,  
 Searching for the good and true,  
 Be thou not in haste to turn thee  
 From what first offends thy view.

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

### PHILOSOPHY IN BLACKBERRYING.

BY F. H. S.

"When quite a small lad I went with a companion for blackberries. It was a novelty to me, and I went into the task of gathering them with much earnestness. I left my companion and delved into the clearing in search of those spots where the berries grew largest and thickest.

At the end of two hours I again came upon my companion. He was but a rod or two from the spot where I had left him, but he had twice as many berries as I had. While I was losing time flitting from one place to another, forcing my way through the briers, scratching my hands and tearing my clothes, he went on with his quiet, steady picking, taking the berries as they came and making clean work of it.

I have often thought how applicable the incident is to other pursuits and circumstances of life. Can my young readers see the application?

In your studies or your reading it may be a profitable example. Do not skip from subject to subject, from book to book, skimming a little here and a little there, reaping no positive benefit and being gormanized with a superficial knowledge. But study slowly, ploddingly, comprehensively. Master one subject before you commence another; understand one book before you take up another. Boys of the latter class get into courts and senates, and win applause by the lucid and vigorous manner in which they discuss important individual and national interests. Those of the former class, it is true, sometimes rise to position, but it is more to be attributed to accident than to anything else—for glittering generalities have no marketable value. Boys, stick a pin here.

MOUNT JOY, PA.

### THEN AND NOW.

"Dear me, what a snapping morning," said boy John, as he awoke one winter's day some fifty years ago. "I am behind time, and must hurry and make the fire for mother."

The ashes were carefully raked away from the charred back-log, which had been well "buried up" the night before, but alas, not one bright spark met his eye. Such accidents would happen at times in even the best regulated Yankee families. There was no help for it, but to go to the nearest neighbor's and borrow some coals, so John quickly equipped himself to set out for a quarter of a mile walk through the snow-drifts that bitter morning. Boys must have been tougher in those days than they are now. You and I, mother, would think it would kill our boy outright to take such a walk without overcoat or mufflers, before breakfast, too.

John rejoiced at the sight of a blazing fire in his neighbor's enormous fire-place, and after getting thoroughly warmed, he started back with his shovel of coals well covered with ashes. In due time, by dint of vigorous blowing with the bellows, he was repaid by seeing the bright flame leap up around the huge hickory logs, which would supply a modern stove with fuel for a day.

If baby chanced to fall sick at night what an enterprise it was to get the candle lighted. What an amount

of blowing one of those glowing coals required before it saw fit to light the oil-saturated wick! Dear me, would you like to go back to those old days?

"Dear me," said our modern Bridget, "I have overslept myself, sure," and she hastens down to the kitchen as fast as she can to try and catch up the lost time. Ten chances to one the fire is out in the range, if it has been left to Bridget's care. So she drops down the coals in a twinkling. Yesterday's paper is crumpled up and deposited in the black cavern, a handful of pine kindlings and plenty of charcoal are piled upon it, a match struck and touched to the paper, and away speeds the blaze. In five minutes' time it is bright and glowing.

If you would make a light in the night, you have but to touch this atom of brimstone to a sanded surface, and then another touch to the mouth of your gas burner, and the whole room is flooded with light. Who would ever grumble at anything after such an invention as the *Lucifer Match*?

### "CARISSIMUS."

BY EMMA PASSEMORE.

Carry me close to your own heart, beloved,  
Up the golden stair;  
Nearer and nearer to the Lord—  
We will pour our souls in prayer.

For all our hopes of happiness,  
The wormwood and the gall,  
The clouds that darken, the joys that bless,  
We will praise the Lord for all—

For the glad new year with its golden light,  
Like floods of mellow wine,  
Is pouring its clouds of amber light  
From thy soul into mine.

And hopes that were laid away to rest  
Beneath a stormy sea;  
Now wreath with flowers each snowy crest,  
And float from me to thee.

So dark, so very dark, beloved,  
Were the years which lay between,  
The "Dead Sea ashes" pressed to our lips,  
And the *Now*, with its starry sheen.

But stormy gales have borne us on  
To an Araby the blest;  
Resting my spirit thine upon,  
I know a perfect rest.

Our Eden is very bright, beloved,  
Though dimmed by recent tears,  
To know one hour such happiness  
Is worth the pangs of years.

And the vines are green, and the flowers are sweet,  
Though deep in the winter time;  
And a wondrous music the brooks repeat  
That flow from my soul to thine.

Not alone for this world, beloved,  
Will our soul breathings be;  
Not alone the love of earth  
Is knitting my soul to thee.



Surely a white-winged angel plume  
Has brushed from our souls their care;  
Grant us to dwell together, Lord,  
In courts where the angels are.

And across "Life's troubled sea,"  
Ferry us not apart—  
Here on this altar, dear Lord, for Thee  
We lay our kindred hearts.

Carry me close to your heart, beloved,  
Up the golden stair;  
Nearer and nearer to the Lord—  
We will pour our souls in prayer.

PLEASANT PLAINS, IOWA.

*From the French of Blaise Pascal.*

BY JEANNE.

Know then, proud mortal, what a paradox you are. Humble yourself, powerless reason; be silent, weak nature; learn that man passes infinitely the comprehension of man: and understand from your true condition of which you are ignorant.

For, if man had never been corrupted he would enjoy truth and happiness with assurance. And if man had never been corrupted he would have no idea either of truth or of blessedness. But, unhappy mortals that we are, the more so than if there had been no greatness in our condition, seeing that we have an idea of happiness and cannot attain it; we feel an image of truth and only possess falsehood; incapable of being either absolutely or of knowing all, so much is it manifest that we have been in a degree of perfection from which we have unhappily fallen.

Whence comes, then, this eagerness and powerlessness, if there was not formerly in man a true happiness of which there only remains to him the mark and empty outline which he tries vainly to fill all which surrounds him, seeking in absent things the assistance that he does not obtain from those present and which both are incapable of giving him, because this infinite gulf can only be filled by an infinite and unchangeable object.

## PETITIONS.

BY LUDIE.

Watching—for health to come,  
To a sister's drooping frame,  
To see her young heart bound,  
With the pulse of life again.

Waiting—for absent eyes,  
To bless again my sight;  
Loved eyes that somewhere sleep,  
Neath Southern stars to-night.

Praying—to be forgiven!  
To know a Saviour's love;  
To gain sweet peace on earth,  
And a home at last above.

Oh Father! hear them all!  
Let pain and sickness flee,  
Bring back the absent eyes,  
And grant me peace with thee.

NORTH SCITUATE, R. I.

## TALKS ABOUT HEALTH.

During the damp and cold season deficient dress of the feet and legs is a fruitful source of disease. The head, throat and liver are perhaps the most frequent sufferers.

The legs and feet are far from the central part of

the body. They are not in great mass like the trunk, but extended and enveloped by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth.

For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We men wear upon our legs, in the coldest season, but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six.

Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with its various doublings, furnishes several more—then over all thick, padded furs, while their legs have one thickness of cotton under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Yesterday one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-bump, my heart goes humpety-bump." I asked, "How are your feet?" "Chunks of ice," she replied. I said to her, "If you so dress your legs and feet that the blood can't get down into them, where can it go? It can't go out visiting. It must stay in the system somewhere. Of course the chest and head must have an excessive quantity. So they go bumpety-bump, and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood. In the coldest season of the year, I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the Lyceums—going as far as Philadelphia, and riding much in the night without an overcoat, but I give my legs two or three times their usual dress. During the coldest weather, men may wear, in addition to their usual drawers, a pair of chamois-skin drawers, with great advantage. When we ride in a sleigh or in the cars, where do we suffer? In our legs of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an overcoat.

"My dear Madame, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indigestion? Wear one, two, or three pairs of warm woollen drawers, two pairs of warm woollen stockings, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduction in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive temporarily from a warm foot bath."

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rubber cemented upon the boot sole will do much to keep the bottoms of our feet dry and warm.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

## QUEER IF TRUE.

Japan is a country of paradoxes and anomalies. They write from top to bottom, from right to left, in perpendicular instead of horizontal lines. Their books begin where ours end. Their locks turn from left to right. Their day is our night. Shops go to customers. People sit upon their heels. Horses' heads are where their tails would be in an English stable, facing the entrance, the food hung from the roof in a basket. There, old men fly kites, while the children gravely look on; the carpenter uses his plane by drawing it to him; their tailors stitch from them; they mount their horses from the off side; the bells to their harness are always attached to their hind-quarters instead of the front; ladies black their teeth instead of keeping them white; their hair is turned back from the face, which is elaborately painted and powdered; and their antiscorbutic tendencies are carried to the point of interfering not only with the grace of movement, but with all locomotion, so tightly are the lower limbs, from the waist downward, girt round with their garments. Top-spinning is followed as a profession. They in-

deluge in frequent and loud exultations, as evidence of a good meal. Their pocket is their sleeve. They wipe the face with a nice square of paper, and carefully fold the envelop into the sleeve, or give it to an attendant to throw away. Their music is without melody; their landscapes without perspective, light or shade; their figures without drawing—mere crude colors and grotesque forms dancing in mid-air, without ground to rest on. They have bank-notes of the value of a farthing. They have long perfectly understood the utilization of sewerage, and the manufacture of paper, not from rags, but from the bark of trees, of which they have sixty-seven different kinds, all with different uses. They use no milk or animal food; horses and oxen and cows are employed for purposes of draught only; they have no sheep nor pigs; the flowers have no scent, the birds no song, and their fruits and vegetables no flavor.

### MISTAKES IN SCRIPTURAL CHRONOLOGY.

The latest blunder in Scriptural facts is thus told of a French writer—by an English paper:

Passing over the first paragraph, which states that Herod heard in a dream the news of the little child who was to be king, and consequently ordered the death of all the infants, comes a sentence as follows:—"A good angel warned the Virgin Mary, and Jesus, persecuted even in his cradle, with a smiling face, was carried away, by his sweet and holy mother, far from the town, where a frightful massacre was about to be committed. *The same day* some beautiful young girls, leaning over the brink of a river, mirrored themselves in it, in order to admire the effect produced on their ivory necks by the triple rows of pearls with which they were encircling them. The beautiful young girls bending over the water were the daughters of this king, who, by his barbarous orders, thought to triumph over God himself. In seeking in the waters the reflection of their beautiful faces the daughters of the king discovered, floating at the caprice of the wind, a charming little basket. What did it enclose—was it jewels or laces? The curious girls, from so great a distance, could not distinguish; urged by their impatience, at last a white arm finished by seizing the frail skiff of osier, in which the beautiful princesses discovered a child—Moses, whose mother, guided by her maternal love, saved thus his life." It is difficult to imagine any confusion more ludicrous than that which has produced this account. Herod and Pharaoh are regarded as one person. Two periods, nearly fifteen hundred years apart, are brought together. Moses in the bulrushes and Christ in Bethlehem are spoken of as simultaneous events, occurring even on the same day. Pharaoh's one daughter is made into many, and the writer descants on the ivory necks of the tawny Egyptian princesses. It is no wonder our French friends are facile in composition. When ideas and facts are superfluous, words can be placed on paper with wonderful rapidity.

"Now, children," asked a school inspector, "who loves all men?" A little girl, not four years old, and evidently not well up in the Catechism, answered quickly, "All women!"

It may be said generally of husbands, as the old woman said of hers, who had abused her to an old maid, who reproached her for being such a fool as to marry him—"To be sure, he's not so good a husband as he should be, but he's a *powerful sight* better than none."

### CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

#### I.

#### ANAGRAMS—NAMES OF FLOWERS.

1. Lot of Cots.
2. Noli and de.
3. Sore ham sad.
4. Why I let wax lie
5. Wal ner fox.
6. La prink set C.

J. W. B.

#### II.

My whole I have often seen  
Rise from his humble bed,  
And heard his joyous song  
As towards heaven he sped.

But now, dear reader, please take off his head,  
Life is contained when all around was dead.

#### III.

I am a word of five letters, signifying an allegory. Change my head, I am part of a building; change again, indispensable on board ship; again, a valuable fur; and, once more, a very common article of furniture.

#### IV.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of eleven letters. My 8, 17, 1, 12, 7, & 5, is a river; my 10, 3, 15, 16, is a cape of the United States; my 12, 6, 6, 3, 1, 13, is the name of a town in Texas; my 3, 1, 11, & 5, is a mountain of Europe; my 14, 12, 7, & 8, is a river of Virginia; my 7, 5, 11, 8, 14, 11, 14, is the capital of one of the United States; my 12, 9, 11, & 5, is an island; my 1, 5, is a Southern river; my 17, 6, 14, 12, 3, 16, 8, is a country of Africa; my 5, 16, 13, 7, is a sea of Asia; my 11, 5, 1, 13, 6, is an island; my 5, 12, 16, is an oasis in the Great Desert; my 1, 13, 16, is a river; my 15, 1, 7, 17, 8, is a range of mountains in Africa; my 10, 5, 9, 16, 3, 8, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean; my 4, 16, 12, 0, is a cape of Africa; my 1, 9, 16, 16, 3, 8, is a strait; my whole is one of the greatest curiosities of nature.

A. B. P.

#### CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is better than presence of mind in a railway accident? Absence of body.
2. Why is the horse the most humane of all animals? He gives the bit out of his mouth and listens to every woe.
3. What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? Noah's ark was a very high ark, but an archbishop is a hierarch (higher ark).
4. What would probably be the last act of a pastry-cook? His last puff.
5. When is a clock like a discontented workman? When it strikes.
6. What is the difference between a Catholic priest and a Baptist? One uses wax candles and the other dips.
7. What is the difference between a D.D. and an M.D.? One preaches and does not practice, and the other practices and does not preach.
8. Why is sympathy like blind-man's-buff? Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.
9. When is a brief time less brief? When it is a "short time longer."

#### ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, ETC., IN JANUARY NUMBER:—

No. I. The letter L. No. II. 1, Ruthin; 2, Flint; 3, Conway; 4, Milford; 5, Newport; 6, Wrexham; 7, Beaumaris; 8, Swansea; 9, Cowbridge; 10, Tenby.

## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

**LOBSTER SOUP.**—Put three quarts of veal broth into a stew-pan, with some celery, onions, carrots, and turnips, a bunch of sweet herbs, three anchovies or a red herring; let them stew gently for two hours, and, after straining, add to the soup the meat of three lobsters, cut small, and thicken it with butter rolled in flour; bruise the spawn in a mortar with a little butter, rub it through a sieve and add it to the soup; let it simmer very gently for ten minutes, but carefully avoid letting it boil, lest the color should be spoilt; turn into a tureen, adding the juice of a lemon with a small quantity of the essence of anchovy.

**BOMBAY PUDDING.**—This Indian pudding is a very nice, delicately flavored one, and is well suited for an invalid, being extremely nourishing. To a good sweet egg custard add a little butter, some grated nutmeg, and a glass of wine or brandy; have ready a finely rasped coconut, and mix all well together. Having lined a dish with puff paste, pour in the custard and bake it a light brown color.

**PRESERVED APPLES.**—Peel and weigh ten pounds of apples, put them into a pan to stew with one pint of water; when all are dissolved put in the same weight of pounded sugar, two ounces of ground ginger, with the juice and grated rind of four or five lemons; let it boil rather more than half an hour, stirring it all the time, then put it into small jars or shapes.

**HAM TOAST.**—This is very convenient to hand round with chicken or with roast veal, and also makes a tasty breakfast or luncheon dish. Mince very finely the lean of a slice or two of boiled ham, beat the yolks of two eggs and mix them with the ham, adding as much cream or stock as will make it soft; keep it long enough on the fire to warm it through—it may be allowed almost to boil, but should be stirred all the time. Have ready some buttered toast, cut it in round pieces, and lay the ham neatly on each piece.

**HOW TO BOIL POTATOES.**—Well wash the potatoes, put them into an iron saucepan with a lump of salt, cover them with cold water, fix the lid down closely, and place them, not upon, but near the fire, till the water boils; then, when the skins begin to break, strain every drop of the water off, and cover them instantly with a clean cloth, which must be pressed down so as to prevent any escape of the steam. This being done, place the saucepan on the trivet or the bar of the range, and by the time the rest of the dinner is fit for serving, the potatoes also will be ready. Four important things in this mode of cooking potatoes must be borne in mind—first, a full hour before dinner is to be dished up must be allowed for the potatoes; secondly, unless they are very old potatoes, the should be boiled in their coats; thirdly, a fork should never be used to try them while cooking; and fourthly, the instant they are done they should be carried to the table.

## TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

### FASHIONS.

Our fashion plate this month shows some of the most desirable costumes for both walking and party dresses. They will hardly need explanation as they are all very plain in style, and will for that reason be more useful to our lady readers. The very elaborate trimming for dress skirts is rapidly passing out of date. Indeed, silks of rich, heavy quality are made up with no ornamentation except upon the waist and sash.

The rage for ornaments and trimmings of gilt which periodically afflict the feminine world has returned once more. We are told in a Parisian letter that velvet jackets for dressy occasions are now dotted all over with small gold beads. The beads are not sewn on the velvet singly, but in groups of four, forming miniature diamonds. The jacket, which is of the *Senorita* form, is then edged round with Tom Thumb fringe in gold.

Whether more false jewelry or more false hair is worn at the present day would be a curious question to solve. Large colored glass beads are now to be seen round the throat, both with high and low dresses. They are nothing more than large glass balls, threaded on a silk cord of the same color. Two rows are usually worn, and from them is suspended a large gold locket, with the initials of the wearer in either turquoise, pearls, or diamonds. A new gold cord for the hair has been introduced in Paris, and has been

already adopted by the Empress. It is about as thick as a moderate sized finger, and is so pliable that it is arranged in loops, which alternate with the small false curls now so fashionable around the top of the forehead, and which are continued along each side to the top of the *chignon*. This arrangement of head-dress is represented to be very becoming to oval-formed heads.

Jewelry is worn in most exaggerated form. We learn that in Paris the "earrings especially are of exaggerated dimensions. For these, large gold rings, much larger than those to be seen in negroes' ears, are the popular pattern. Some of these huge rings represent cords knotted in the centre, others crescents. Some are made of plain gold, and have either an amethyst, a topaz, or a *lapis lazuli* ball in the centre, and these, I think, are the prettiest. An idea may be gathered of the circumference of the fashionable earrings when I say that it is greater than that of a five-franc piece. Earrings in the form of pears are also much admired; but in order to make them larger, the movable pear, which is either a pearl or an emerald, is surrounded with a frame of gold and enamel. Fancy earrings are likewise worn; some represent dogs' heads, others a horse or a whip, and I have seen even an owl crowned with a wreath of laurel. I would advise all those who have a taste for such eccentric ornaments to purchase imitation ones, for the fashion once passed away, to what use can they be turned? It is only so much money wasted.

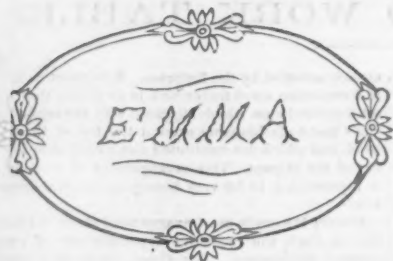
Gold lockets are now adorned with a mass of dogs' and horses' portraits in enamel; the lockets are oval, and, like the earrings, of colossal proportions; Egyptian heads in onyx with the hair lined with rows of small pearls, and a necklet of rubies round the throat are far prettier than any animals' heads which I have yet seen. These Egyptian heads are sometimes placed as an ornament to combs, which are worn with full dress."

We cannot think, however, that jewelry of this description is ever in good taste. But the fashion must run its short day, and then, we trust, the ladies will come back to sensible, modest displays in the matter

of jewels. For the present we can, of course, but submit.

We give below some designs for embroidery and marking. For handkerchief corners these patterns will be found extremely useful, as they are very simple.

Scate



## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MARIAN ROOKE; or, The Quest for Fortune. By Henry Sedley. New York: Sheldon & Co.

One of the most unconditionally stupid books that we ever attempted to read. The point of the work, if it has any, seems to be an attack upon New England, her people, and customs. Society is "narrow, selfish, and conceited," the moral atmosphere "unconceivably grovelling and sordid." The scenes of the story are laid on the plains, in California, and later in the East, to which, notwithstanding its undesirableness, all of the emigrants at last return, with much evident satisfaction, to spend the closing years of life

"WINIFRED BERTRAM AND THE WORLD SHE LIVED IN." By the Authoress of the Schönberg Cotta Family. New York: M. W. Dodd.

Here we have a new work from the prolific pen of the lady who has written herself, within two years, completely into favor with Americans, and from whom a new work cannot be otherwise than welcome. This story of Winifred Bertram is intended more especially for young people, and inculcates most earnestly the doctrine of self-sacrifice for the good of others. The heroine is a little girl, an orphan, having an only brother much older than herself, who is a clergyman. In

the opening chapter we find him teaching her the influence of self-love upon the heart by the following little fable:—

"At a time not very long ago," began Maurice, "and in a country not very far off, there was a palace built on very peculiar principles. Indeed, some people said it was not built at all, but grew. The queen of this palace was very amiable and benevolent, and did what she could to make every one around her happy. She expected that all her courtiers should do the same. All her court-ladies, therefore, while they were provided with the most beautiful suites of apartments in the palace (the furniture and situation of each being exactly suited to the tastes of the occupants), were expected to make these apartments in some way workrooms for the good of their country. That country had been sadly misgoverned by the preceding dynasty, and there was a great deal in it to be set right."

"All the apartments of the court-ladies, therefore, were also offices for some work of charity. The title of each was written on the door under the name of the occupant, so that there could be no mistake about it for applicants or inmates. One, for instance, was the office for the blind, another for the deaf and dumb, another for sick children"—

"And another for Ragged Schools, no doubt," interrupted Winnie.

"No doubt," said Maurice. "The singular thing, however, about these apartments was, that if the possessor did not attend to the benevolent work assigned to her, but used them only for herself and her own pleasure, the whole suite gradually contracted until they became so narrow as slowly to stifle the inmate, and finally to crush her into dust; when from beautiful homes they become narrow, crumbling mausoleums."

"If many of the ladies made a bad use of their apartments, the palace must have had a very forlorn look," observed Winnie.

"Not in the least," Maurice replied. "The instant the unfaithful occupant had been crushed and buried, the mausoleum also crumbled into dust, and a new dwelling rose on the site."

"Very uncomfortable," said Winnie, "for the new ladies to be living on the graves of the old ones."

"Not at all," said Maurice. "They knew nothing about it. Every one everywhere is always living over graves of somebody or something, and very few think of it."

"I think nothing of the amiability and benevolence of that queen," resumed Winnie, with considerable vehemence. "I think she was a hard-hearted wretch."

"Not at all," said Maurice. "The queen had nothing to do with it. The apartments, as I told you, were self-acting. It was their nature to do as they did. No one could help it. They contracted in this way by the same kind of law which makes the earth go round, and the tides ebb and flow."

"But," rejoined Winnie, "those court-ladies must have been exceedingly foolish. When they saw the apartments contracting, if they did not like to do their work, why did they not escape in time?"

"They never did see the apartments contracting," said Maurice. "They saw their neighbors' apartments contracting sometimes from the outside, but never their own; and for this reason: The rooms were full of mirrors and paintings on glass, arranged in such a way as to cause a strange optical delusion. As window after window was slowly and silently crushed out it was replaced by a mirror, which made

the wretched occupant think that, whatever was happening outside, all was right within. The world was growing narrower and narrower, she thought, but inside all was spacious and beautiful as ever. And so she went on admiring herself more and more in the mirrors, as window after window into the outer world vanished, until at last the stifling air of the poor narrow chamber overpowered her, and she fainted away and was crushed, and never heard of more."

How Winnie got out of the "contracting chamber" before it was too late, and who helped her, of the trials they all had, and the happiness at last, we hope our readers will learn from the book itself, and we promise them that if they have not obtained good for their souls, they will at least have been most charmingly entertained.

The same authoress has sent out a new book for the little ones also, called the "Song Without Words." A more beautiful little rhythmical prose creation we have seldom read.

**LITTLE FOXES.** By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This series of articles upon "those unsuspected, unwatched, insignificant, little causes, that nibble away domestic happiness, and make home less than so noble an institution should be," cannot be too warmly commended to both old and young. Those who have life still before them, read this and learn how to commence aright, avoiding if possible the errors here so clearly pointed out, and those to whom warning comes too late, see where the fault has been, and let these sound, plain, practical teachings lead to a new beginning in the right path.

**A SUMMER IN SKYE.** By Alexander Smith. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Distinguished at first as a poet, the author has recently turned his attention to prose, and has given us lately two very entertaining volumes, one of fiction and the present racy series of sketches of personal experiences in the Island of Skye. They are exceedingly readable and many of the descriptions of natural scenery could not be surpassed, while all the characters introduced are clothed with an individuality which stamps them with the clearness of a photograph upon the mind of the reader.

**PLYMOUTH PULPIT.** Notes from Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons. New York: Harper & Brothers.

In this volume we have, besides the notes taken from Mr. Beecher's sermons, also a sketch of himself, his manners, his customs, his appearance, and a description of the lecture-room of Plymouth Church, and of the exercises usually held there. Probably there is not a man who stands so thoroughly alone in his peculiar sphere as Mr. Beecher.

With the independence to do and say everything he pleases, he yet has the talent to maintain his position before the world, sneered at by one-third of the world, feared by another third, and heartily loved by the rest, but commanding a certain respect and admiration from all. The book contains many beautiful extracts from his sermons, similar to a volume called "Life Thoughts," published some years ago.

**A SPINSTER'S STORY.** By M. A. F.

**PRINCE OF KASHNA.** By Richard B. Kimball.

Two new novels from the enterprising publishing house of Carleton, New York.



**PATRIOT BOYS AND PRISON PICTURES.** By Edmund Kirke. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In his peculiar vein Mr. Gilmore is a very entertaining writer. The field he canvasses is one in which he has few rivals, and therefore his works have an air of freshness and novelty to Northern readers. The boy's book just published does not, however, deal altogether with the Southern elements of society, but also contains anecdotes of the achievements of Northern men in the late war, with accounts of Rebel and Union prisons, conveying to the young folks a great deal of varied and useful information upon these topics.

**THE HUMBUGS OF THE WORLD.** By P. T. Barnum. New York: Carlton.

Certainly no one is better calculated to do this matter full justice than the irrepressible Barnum. A subject which has been a matter of research for years and also of practical experiment, ought to be thoroughly understood by him after so long a time of careful development. We have not read the book (with the one exception of the essay upon old Grizzly Adams, which we commend to all who would like a pleasant half hour's entertainment,) not because we belong to the great Yankee Nation, and must confess, individually, to what the great "Prince" has said of us as a whole, that we actually like to be humbugged, but because, once having been "sold," we have a horror of seeing our delusion laid bare before us. We felt that we should experience something of the well remembered feeling which attended our first awakening to the knowledge that Kriss Kingle had no reindeer, and no fur overcoat, and no long pipe, but came in sober broadcloth to fill our stockings for us. When we get the courage to look the woolly horses, and scaly mermaids, and Brandreth's pills, and painted pigeons full in the face, we will take another look into the "Humbugs," and no doubt find it exceedingly readable as well as instructive.

**DICTIONARY OF THE NOTED NAMES OF FICTION.** By William A. Wheeler. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A curious compilation, containing "familiar pseudonyms, surnames bestowed upon eminent men, and analogous popular appellations often referred to in literature and conversation. The main design of the work is to explain, as far as practicable, the allusions which occur in modern standard literature to noted fictitious persons and places, whether mythological or not. For this reason, the plan is almost entirely restricted to proper names, or such as designate individual persons, places or things. The names from the Greek, Roman, Norse, and Hindu Mythologies that are here given, are concisely treated, mainly with a view to explain frequent allusions in the poets and other popular writers, and for the benefit of mere English readers, rather than for that of professed scholars. From the Rabbinical and Mohammedan Mythologies have been taken some names, which are occasionally made the subject of reference, and concerning which information is not readily obtainable. Prominence has been given to the departments of Angelology, Demonology, Fairy Mythology, and Popular Superstitions, which afford many of the most important names in Fiction. Parables, Allegories, Proverbs and Mediæval Legends have also furnished a considerable number. Ecclesiastical history contributes the names of several pseudo-saints and other imaginary personages. In the Drama and in Poetry—including the various kinds, Epic, Romantic, Narrative, Comic, etc., the intention has been to give the names of all such characters as are familiarly referred

to by writers and speakers at the present day; and, though there may be accidental omissions, it is hoped that under this head the Dictionary will be found reasonably complete."

**LIFE AND LETTERS OF P. W. ROBERTSON.** (In two volumes.) Edited by Spofford A. Brooke, M. A. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

For convincing evidences of a living Christianity we need look no farther than Robertson. None could read this history of his life (told as nearly as possible in his own words through his letters, and lectures, and sermons) without feeling impressed with the innate beauty of that soul which, through all the struggles and trials of the world bore ever but one record—fidelity to the truth and to the teachings of its Maker. We are heartily glad to see this book published in America, and we know there are numbers who will appreciate with keen relish the rich literary feast here opened to them, and numbers more who will love and reverence the man for his humble, earnest faith and Christian life.

**ALDRICH'S POEMS.** Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Who that has read "Babie Bell" will pass by Aldrich! The little volume in blue and gold is a very welcome addition to our collection of gems.

**MARGARET AND HER BRIDESMAIDS.** By the author of "The Queen of the County." Boston: Loring.

This book has the grace and tenderness which characterize the author's writings. A high moral tone, a love of all social and domestic purity pervades her works. They are not mere sensation stories. A womanhood, sweet, loyal and true, reveals itself throughout the pages of this volume.

**HEREWARD; THE LAST OF THE ENGLISH.** By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A tale of the old Saxons of the British islands. The scene is laid in England about the time of the Norman Conquest.

**WAR LYRICS.** By Henry Howard Brownell. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Few poets have made such rapid strides into public favor as this one. There is a force—a nervous power—about his writings which distinguishes him from others—although there are many crudités in his style. The poems in this volume have appeared from time to time in the newspapers and magazines of the country, some of the more recent ones in the Atlantic Monthly.

**RICHARD CORDEN.** By John McGilchrist. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A very handsomely gotten-up volume, containing an account of the life and public services of one of the greatest international men of the age. Americans will peruse this work with an interest second to none, feeling as they do that Richard Cobden had always an earnest sympathy with democratic principles, and that he apprehended the true position of the North in the late war, as few Englishmen have done. In his last speech in November 1864, he says—"What did the Americans do when they declared their independence in 1776. They put forth a declaration of grievances, and at the present time no Englishman can doubt that they were justified in separating from the mother country. But why is there (by the Confederates) no such declaration? Because they have but the grievance they want to consolidate, perpetuate, and extend—Slavery—but they cannot do it." His writings upon the course of the war and probable issues, were almost prophetic. He did not live to see

its termination, but died in March 1865, just before the glorious victories of the Northern armies before Richmond.

**THE FREEDMAN'S BOOK.** By S. Maria Child. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A record of deeds accomplished by the colored race. It is dedicated to the Freedmen, and intended principally for distribution among them. The proceeds to be given to the Freedmen's Aid Association, to be expended for schools and other educational purposes.

**THE YANKEE MIDDY.** By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

**ODENDALE, A STORY OF SCHOOLBOY LIFE.** By R. Hope Moncrief. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Two good stories for the boys from their favorite authors. They will receive a cordial welcome from the young people.

**WASHINGTON.** By Jacob Abbott. New York: Sheldon & Co. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This is volume eighth of the series upon American History for young people, upon which this well-known writer has been for some time engaged. It is clear, comprehensive, and calculated to make the study for

History (usually so dull to school-boys) at once entertaining and profitable.

**LUKE DARRELL, THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.** Chicago: Thomson Brothers.

We can but compliment our Western friends upon the exceedingly attractive volume which they have here given to the public. The story is entertaining, the binding tasteful, and the general appearance of the work is unexceptionable.

**STORIES OF THE APOSTLES.** By Caroline Hadley. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Works of this class are very much needed in our country, and therefore the present little volume will prove doubly acceptable. For Sunday-school children as containing a concise account of the lives of the apostles and anecdotes of them culled from the Bible, it will be a treasure indeed.

**WINNING HIS WAY.** By Charles "Carleton" Coffin. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

"Our Young Folks" have hung over this tale, and watched from month to month for its coming, with an avidity which has fully proven its worth; and even the older members of the household forgot more serious things for the time, and with equal interest watched the career of the brave young soldier. Its fascination is irresistible.

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### PEOPLE AS YOU FIND THEM.

How different this is from what we would have them. We want people to be loyal, generous, large-brained and hearted, magnanimous—all that the poets paint which is true and noble in manhood—all that we dream is pure and lovely in womanhood—and, oh dear, "what a falling off is there," when we come down to the real men and women of our own day, with all their foibles and weaknesses, their bigotries and selfishnesses.

We put out from the banks of childhood on the wide river of youth, with such marvellous faith in human nature; we wreath and festoon our friends with all beautiful fancies of our imagination, and then the great shock comes, and one after another the idols fall, for the years are great vandals—they go up into the fair temples and stately halls of our souls, and shatter the statues to whom we have built altars of love and worship.

I pity the man or woman who has no sympathy for these fine enthusiasms and glowing faiths of youth—whose memory can walk with a jest or a sneer among the withered garlands, and dimmed ideals, and lost faiths of earlier years, and who looks back upon these things with very much the same feeling that one does on the toys which delighted his childhood.

A great many people seem only to extract bitterness from every fresh knowledge of human nature. They grow hard, and sour, and cynical. They never seem to reflect that they are a part of that which they condemn, and as they climb up the hills of the years, and every new summit affords them a wider landscape of men, and motives, and deeds, they only grow harder and bitterer towards their kind.

And so life falls with all these—of any true wisdom or power; for if the knowledge which we attain does not soften our hearts while it enlightens our eyes, it

is better never learned at all. But to come back to people—not as one finds them in story and poem, not in picture and fancy, but in homely, actual life—to the men and women we jostle against, and that push and struggle around us, each intent on some darling scheme, purpose, hope, ambition of its own—to come back to these, we shall find that human nature, even in this laurelled nineteenth, will not bear much straining.

As the weakest link in a chain is the test of the strength of the whole, so, touch where the real life lies, and you shall find that sooner or later there is yielding at some point. Looked at from one side, is this hardly to be wondered at? When we see what sort of culture most children have from their birth, how they imbibe all sorts of notions and fallacies—how their views are warped by prejudices and dominated by conventionalisms, what can one expect of the men and women of the world?

Now don't mistake me here. I believe that the evil strikes its roots in deeper soil than misapprehension and weakness, and that all the wrong and woe under which creation has groaned and travailed for the last six thousand years have their foundations in darker and sadder causes than human limitation and blindness.

But as the leaves fall which fluttered joyfully in May winds, and sheltered the nests of sweet singing birds, so one by one fond dreams and hopes drop away from our lives, and each year one learns more and more of that true philosophy which consists in taking all things as we find rather than as we would have them.

And we find faults that mar and distort the fairest characters; we find jealousies, envies, meannesses, and greediness, and all sorts of petty plots, and aims, and hardness, where we looked for charity, and par-

mony of greediness where one looked for all generous and noble enthusiasms, while conceit and vanity, and all their train of petty faults, shock and disgust us in those to whom we have brought our largest tributes of love and reverence.

Well, now, it is better to make up our minds to these things, and to take them in a generous pity and patience, instead of closing up our hearts and sympathies, and shrinking down into hardness and misanthropy. For men and women will never be angels here. They need, to make them this, the transplantation of death, the softer climate, the richer soil of Heaven.

And as long as we live we shall rub against each other's corners, we shall strike each other's weak and morbid points, each other's follies and sins, and there will be shock, and friction, and discord, for as we never succeed with ourselves, so we shall never succeed in making others after the pattern of our ideals and desires—one will be morbid, and another vain, and still another silly, and there will be un-soundness of brain or heart to lament in all we know. We must make up our minds to the inevitable.

But there are chords that will yield sweet music to the harper that knows how to touch them skilfully, and hidden graces that will blossom out, and concealed tenderness, and heroism, and love, and sacrifice, in souls of men and women. And I think one under consciousness should make us always carry ourselves softly towards the faults of others. Do you find yourself what you would like, my reader? If you have lived wisely, if you have gone down into the silent places and deep caverns of your own soul, you have found there secret faults and infirmities which should make you ever charitable and helpful towards all men. You know of faults which lurk there, and spring suddenly, in some hour when you are off your guard, like armed men upon you. You know that in some directions you are morbid and strained, or easily overcome. You know some of your besetting sins, some of your failures and defeats. Let your own soul be witness against you, and deny not to others the charity you so sorely need for yourself.

And now there floats down to my thought that speech of Polonius, in which there is much marrow of wisdom and truth, and which reminds me of some bottle of old wine growing strong and fine through the centuries:—

"To thine ownself be true;  
And it must follow as the night, the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

V. F. F.

#### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

The touching scene which forms the subject of our steel plate the present month, commends itself at once to our warmest sympathy. We may—we should all be good Samaritans while we live in a world where there is so much of suffering and need. Let it not be recorded of any of us that, seeing the wretched in our pathway, we carelessly "passed by on the other side."

#### "OUR YOUNG FOLKS."

Excellent in every way—a complete success. The publishers have fairly won the thanks of children and parents, by the admirable way in which their Magazine has been conducted. Writing successfully for the young is no easy matter, and requires a high order of talent; and it is by using the best talent in the country, that "Our Young Folks" is made attractive,

#### AT THE "SWEETS."

"When the cat's away the mice will play," says the old proverb, with more truth than poetry, of which fact our wood cut presents a striking illustration.

Mamma is out, nurse has forgotten her charge, and the preserve closet has luckily been left without the usual fastening. What a delightful season of indulgence! What total unconsciousness of retributive colic! Only the chubby baby, whose fat little fist is stuck fast in a pot of good things, knows or feels that there is aught but pleasure in the transgression.

Those jars of sweetsmeats which have displayed their tempting colors in such a tantalizing way for weeks and months, are receiving their reward now.

They shouldn't have been so aggravating, so lusciously insinuating, and yet so unapproachable. Young America vowed revenge upon their coquetry long ago, and now the retribution comes. The punishment may be reflex, but there is a satisfaction in its present enjoyment at all events.

#### EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

We give a new Department to the Home Magazine this month, under the heading of "Evenings with the Poets." No one tires of good poetry. Like good music, it delights and refreshes at every repetition. True poetry is never really understood nor enjoyed until it is a part of the memory. Like the face of a dear friend, the oftener it beams upon us, the deeper pleasure it affords. In this department, we shall present the choicest gems from our best American and English poets,—taking the old and the new, the familiar and the less known, as may seem best. These selections will be found, in most cases, desirable for recitation. Indeed, it was with the view of making a collection of poems for this very purpose, that we first thought of introducing these "Evenings with the Poets" in the "Home Magazine."

#### THE HOTEL CLERK NUISANCE.

Almost every one who has had occasion to travel much in this country, has been annoyed by the indifference, if not downright incivility of hotel clerks. In our larger cities, at what are known as first-class houses, this thing is growing worse every day. A gentleman of good social standing and influence at home, or, it may be, distinguished for intellectual ability, and used to respectful treatment from all to whom he is known, finds himself in one of our large cities at the office of a hotel, of whose luxurious accommodations he has often heard glowing accounts. It is but natural for him to expect a polite and gentlemanly reception; he has been used to the treatment of a gentleman from men of all positions in life.

But, alas for his expectation! He stands before the tailor and jeweller-made man who holds the high position of clerk to the establishment—a man of infinite self-estimation—with suddenly chilled feelings. There greets him neither smile of welcome, nor pleasant word; but a chill, repellant stare, or look of supercilious scrutiny. The whole aspect of the man says as plainly as spoken words—"Who are you? What are you here for?" The gentleman so unused to anything like this at home, is hurt or offended. Honored and respected in circles of intelligence and refinement—superior a thousand fold in all the qualities that go to make up the man and citizen to the mean upstart who stands behind the hotel counter—he suffers, for the moment, a feeling of anger or humiliation. All his pleasant fancies about "taking mine ease in mine inn" are dissipated. Instead of

entering a luxurious home, he finds himself on sufferance at four or five dollars a day! There are some exceptions to this—but how few! In a pretty wide experience last summer, we met but three men, who as far as we saw them, were really fit to hold a position so essential to public convenience and comfort. That all this is wrong, we need not say. But how shall it be remedied? How shall the hotel clerk nuisance be abated? Only through such public protest and remonstrance as will reach the proprietors, and drive or shame them into requiring of their subordinates that decent attention to strangers to which they are entitled. No man is fit to keep a hotel who does not do this.

### THE SHELL ON THE SHORE.

We take from an English magazine this beautifully told and instructive incident:—

"I had turned over the wet pebbles and the damp weeds and sought with naked feet amongst the waves for some bright shell or colored stone to carry home, but I could find none. Tired out, I sat down on a pile of stones to rest, and to watch the waves unroll themselves on the waiting sands. I heeded not the tide, but let it go and come without notice.

"After a longer interval than I dare tell, considering I was without boots or stockings, and my coat damp with the spray of the last tide, I woke up from my dreaming and renewed my search for a prize, and sure enough there was a shell glistening and gleaming, colored like sunlit crystal, just dropped from the white fingers of some daring wave. I did not hurry to possess myself of it, but sat still admiring. It was mine; I was sure I could reach it any moment with my stick, and who was near on this lonely beach to pick it up ere I could get it? Splash—splash, and up rolled a huge wave, hissing and hurrying, rattling the stones, wetting my feet—and the shell, where is it? I looked round, I followed the receding water, dripping sea-grass and creamy clots of froth only remained to meet me; the shell—the beautiful shell was gone. Old Neptune had altered his mind and got back his pearl.

"A little loss this, but uttering a lofty lesson, never to lose an opportunity of taking every gift of mercy or usefulness the tide of time may bring us; if unused—neglected—the wave that brought will soon take it away.

### THE SACREDNESS OF HUMAN LIFE.

It is well that now and then some one sounds for us the depths of human life, and gives us faint glimpses of what lies hidden away far down from casual observation. We are often indifferent to persons whom we meet daily, when, if we could see what they have suffered and overcome, and what they are still suffering and bearing, we would be touched with pity or reverence. In one of her electric flashes of thought, Fanny Fern gives us these suggestive passages, which all of us may do well to heed:—"When one looks at old persons out of whose life all the eagerness has gone, one sometimes wonders what was the romance of their life; for fossilized as they appear to be, there must have been a time, when the heart leaped to the sound of a sweet voice, or at the sight of a sweet face. In some chamber of their memory, locked, curtained and cobwebbed, it may be, are speaking, dust-covered relics of happiness, just such as the youth of to-day so eagerly seek. What a scene would reveal itself, could we throw open the door and windows, and let in the searching sunlight!

How interesting to us in that light, would be the bent form, and faded eyes, and whitening hair, and wrinkled face, and faltering speech! But their owners totter past us, with their story all untold, to the grave where so many secrets lie buried. None may know, perhaps not even their own kindred, what lies entombed under the ashes of the past. True it is, that what is written is nought to the unwritten. Often to the Searcher of all hearts alone, are these life-tragedies known. Crusted over with the lava of years, no sign of warmth or brightness appears; but sometimes as the lamp of life is going out, it flashes before us some astounding truth, before which our stupidity and indifference stand aghast and awe-struck, we go our ways with a deeper sense of the sacredness of human life."

Here is an old tale or legend which is worth repeating. A certain man, who would never go to church, when he heard the saints' bell, would say to his wife, "Go thou to church and pray for thee and me." One night he dreamed that both he and his wife were dead, and that they knocked together at heaven's gate for entrance. St. Peter (by the legend) is the porter, and suffered the wife to enter in; but he kept the husband out, answering him, "She is gone in both for herself and thee. As thy wife went to church for thee, so she must go to heaven for thee."

### Garriek's Precepts to Preachers.

Garriek having been requested by Dr. Stonehouse to favor him with his opinion as to the manner in which a sermon ought to be delivered, the English Roscius sent him the following judicious answer:

MR DEAR PUPIL—You know how you would feel and speak in a parlor concerning a friend who was in imminent danger of his life, and with what energetic pathos of diction and countenance you would enforce the observance of that which you really thought would be for his preservation. You would not think of playing the orator, or studying your emphasis, cadence and gesture; you would be yourself; and the interesting nature of your subject, impressing your heart, would furnish you with the most natural tone of voice, the most proper language, the most engaging features, and the most suitable and graceful gestures. What you would thus be in the parlor, be in the pulpit, and you will not fail to please, to affect and to profit. Adieu, my dear friend.

The Arabians impose patience by the following proverb—"Be patient, and the mulberry leaf, which naturally is very rough, will become satin."

"To confound wealth with happiness is to mistake the means for the end. You might as well fancy that a knife and fork would give you an appetite."

OUR COVER.—We have changed the hue of our cover for one a little more decided in character. Four Magazines in Philadelphia, and two or three in New York and other cities alike in shade of cover, is a little too much of the same thing; so the Home Magazine, having an individuality of its own, has determined to put on a garb of its own, and you have it reader. And if we do not err in our estimate of your taste, you will call it a decided improvement.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—For all the kind, encouraging and approving words that fill your







MARCH,

1868.



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## Contents of Home Magazine, March, 1866.

MUSIC—Alpine Horn Grand March.....	Page 166
BERTHA'S MARRIAGE. By AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING".....	169
REJUVENATION. By JOHN R. MORRISON.....	178
JAN. By Mrs. DENISON.....	179
THE FUGUE OF THE TWO KINGS. By AUBER FORESTIER.....	183
THE WRECKED HOUSEHOLD. By T. S. ARTHUR.....	184
AUNT RACHEL'S STORY. By Mrs. M. F. AMES.....	193
I HAVE OFTEN WATCHED HER. By F. H. STAUFFER.....	194
WHO WAS THE MURDERER? By CLAUDE MERCHANT.....	195
THE DYING MOTHER. By Mrs. S. K. FURMAN.....	200
PETROLEUM. By VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND. Chapters VI. and VII.....	201
ARE CHILDREN HAPPY?.....	210
WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY. By FANNY TRUE.....	211
<b>LAY SERMONS:</b>	
A Word in Season.....	212
<b>MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:</b>	
Hurting a Child's Heart.....	214
<b>BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY:</b>	
Fairy Tales; by L. A. B.—How to Get Fresh Air.....	216
<b>HEALTH DEPARTMENT:</b>	
How to Avoid the Pestilence.—How Currents of Air Affect the System.....	219
<b>EVENINGS WITH THE POETS:</b>	
A Legend of Bregenz; by Adelaide A. Proctor.—A Clear Conscience.—Reflections; by Joan Ingelow.—The Gift of Tritemius; by J. G. Whittier.—Weariness; by H. W. Long- fellow.—Work; by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.—Jenny Kiss'd Me; by Leigh Hunt.....	220
<b>THE HOME CIRCLE:</b>	
The Farly Yankee Women.—Temperance.—My String of Pearls; by Ethel Etherton.— Charades, Enigmas, &c.....	223
<b>HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS:</b>	
To Clean Hairbrushes.—The Way to Select Flour.—Batter Puddings.—Boiled Rice and Apples.....	226
<b>TOILET AND WORK TABLE:</b>	
Fashions.....	227
<b>NEW PUBLICATIONS.....</b>	
227	
<b>EDITORS' DEPARTMENT:</b>	
Moral Shuffling.—Matching Folks.—The Artist.—The Baby Brigade.—Agricultural Pub- lications.....	230

### ILLUSTRATIONS.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Steel Plate Engraving.—The Artist.<br>2. The Baby Brigade.<br>3. Handkerchief Corners.—Braided Slipper. | 4. Patterns for Embroidery.<br>5. Children's Fashions.—Child's Slipper.<br>6. Walking Dress. |
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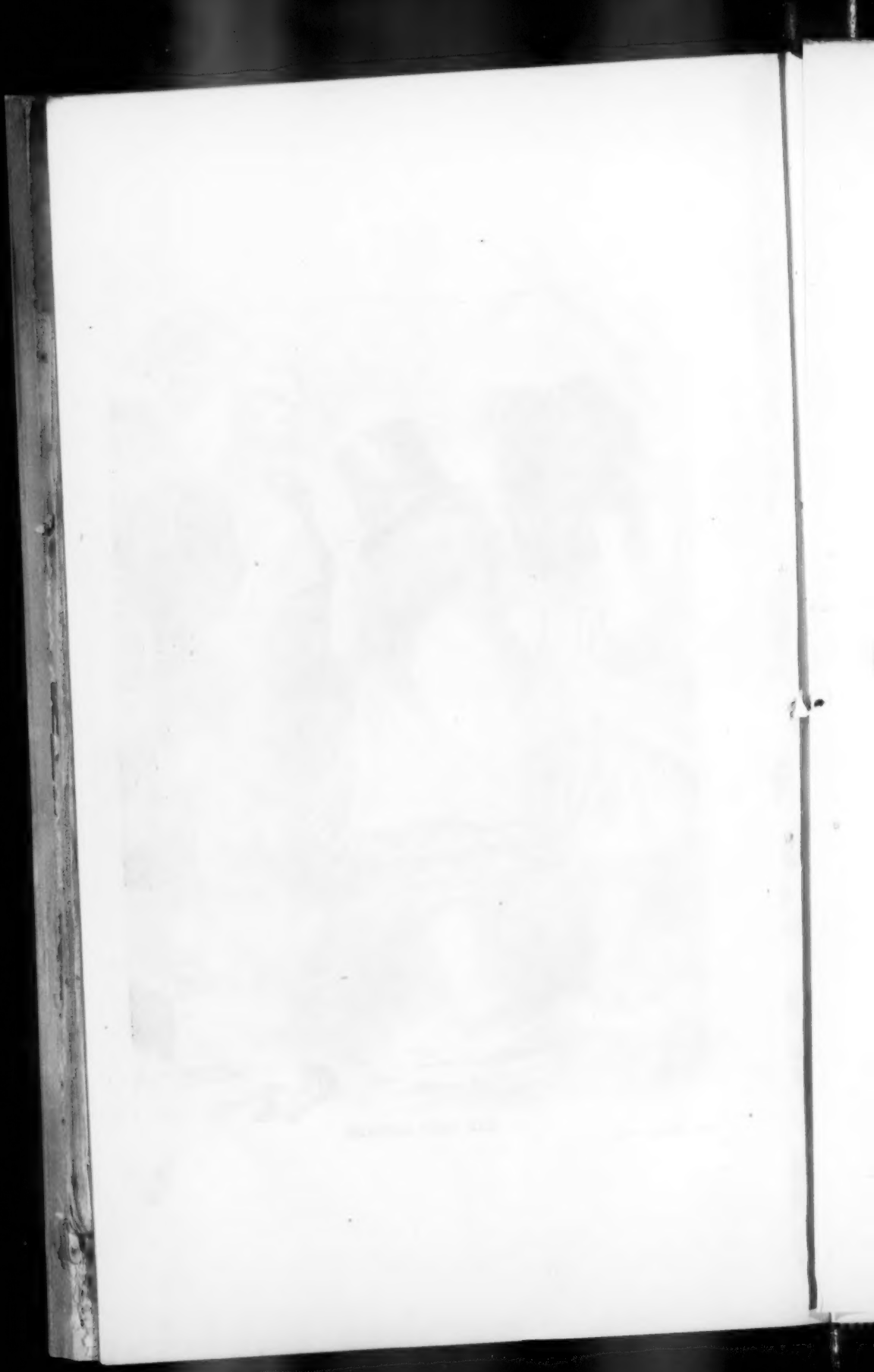
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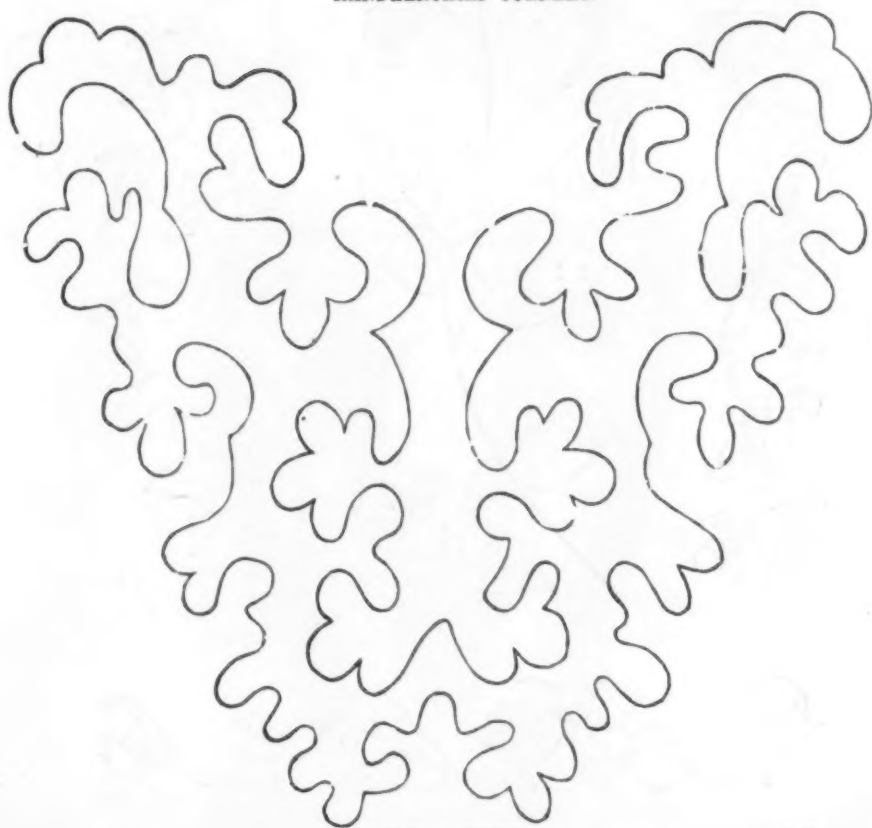


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ARRANGED BY CHARLES GROBE.

Maestoso.

PIANO.

*p* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*Ped.* \* *f* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*p* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *f* \*

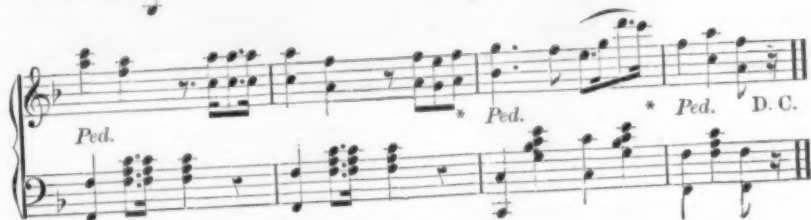
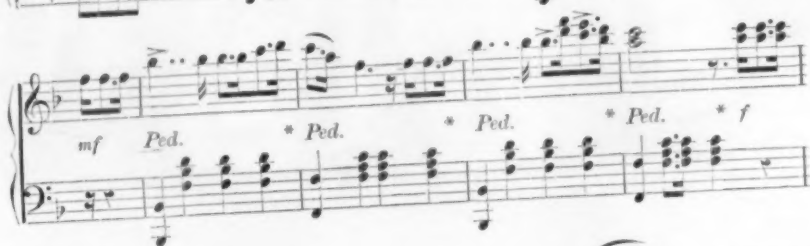
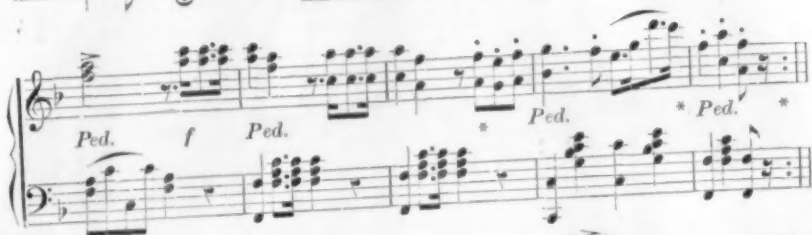
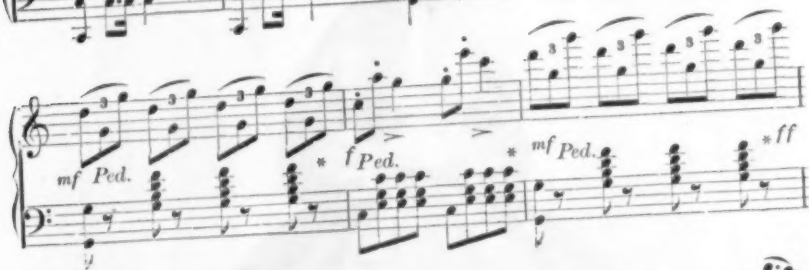
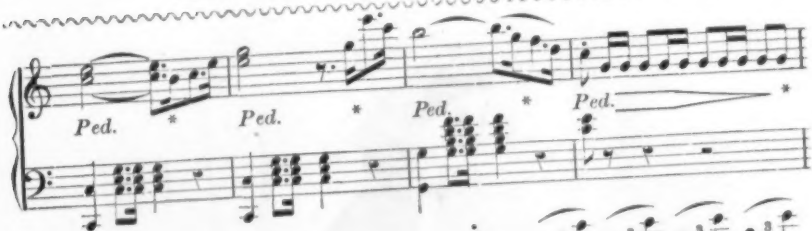
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167





WALKING DRESS.

(168)